The Nation.

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The Week.

In unconcealed consternation, our Imperialists at Washington and throughout the country discovered on Monday that their policy of suppression and deceit is a melancholy ruin. The exposure by the newspaper correspondents at Manila of the fraud which has been deliberately practised upon the American people, is the most terrible blow which President McKinley has received. For to him it comes back. This futile war in the Philippines is his war. If his underlings have acted like knaves or fools, they are still his underlings, chosen by him, kept in office by him, directed in all things by him. Attempt to dodge responsibility as he may, the American people know where to fix and fasten it. If they have been tricked into thinking this war on the Filipinos anything but a criminal blunder, if they have been steadily deceived as to its causes and course and the prospect of its speedy termination, William McKinley is the man to be held ultimately responsible. Politically, that is the most momentous inference to be drawn from the collapse of imperialistic lying, brought about by the united action of the American correspondents in Manila. There is really no surprise about the revelations. They came in a dramatic way, and will shock the country, but they only confirm indications which have been accumulating for many weeks. Private letters, talks with returned correspondents and volunteer officers and men, and information obtained from naval officers, all have pointed to the fact that official deception had been practised on a monstrous scale.

As for Gen. Otis, we think of him mainly as an unlucky subordinate blunderingly carrying out his orders. There can be no doubt where he got his inspiration to secrecy and deception. The phrases of his which the correspondents quote—that certain facts "would alarm the people at home," or would "have the people of the United States by the ears"—show that he was acting not as a general but as a politician. That is, he was taking the White House view that this is "a Republican war," and must be conducted not so as to win battles but to win votes. In this, Gen. Otis no doubt thought he was just as faithfully serving his master at Washington as he was by telegraphing the manifest absurdity the other day, that only the encouragement derived from anti-imperialists in America prevented the Filipinos from surrendering. That there was no military reason for the censorship is proved beyond all dispute by the correspondents, who show that the very statements of fact which Gen. Otis would not permit them to telegraph to this country, lest somehow the news get to the ears of the Filipinos, were printed in newspapers in Manila which freely circulated among the insurgents. It is clear enough that Gen. Otis was acting in all this matter of the censorship from political motives, under political instructions from Washington. This is the main reason why the exposure leaves him, as a mere general, in so ridiculous a position.

Gen. Funston, who is frequently alluded to as the "Roosevelt of the Philippine war," and who is undoubtedly the popular hero of that war, is credited with sentiments about it which are extremely likely to be regarded as "treasonable" at Washington. Mr. Wildman, our Consul at Hong Kong, represents him as saying, in a statement of his views, that there "should be a little less gunpowder and more diplomacy" in our Philippine policy; that a "little diplomacy at this time would go a long way towards settling the trouble and bringing peace and prosperity to these unfortunate islands"; that, strange as it may seem, he is "almost a peace-at-any-price man"; that "when life and property can be saved, it is almost crime not to follow that rule, whatever may be the circumstances arguing against it," and that, though he is a Republican he is an anti-expansionist, but not a bitter one. His view of the future possibilities of the islands seems to touch upon some of the hidden forces which are behind this extraordinary "war for humanity":

> "Big syndicates and capitalists will be greatly benefited by the retention of these islands, but, outside a few exceptional individual cases, I can see no advantage in their possession by the United States. The islands are so thickly populated and labor so cheap, there certainly is no inducement for the American laborer."

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture confirms this view of syndicates and capitalists by his glowing picture of Old Glory floating over the butter cans of the Pacific Coast, which the Filipinos will buy by thousands after they have been subdued.

Washington confirms, albeit with a little shame, the statement from Manila that this Government is going to subsidize the Sultan of Sulu. Not only that, it is going to make him a little present of $10,000, or so, to start with, just to put him in a good humor. This is a good deal of a novelty in the way of republican government, but the State Department officials put on a grave face and say that here is a shining proof of our sincerity in promising to give the Philippines self-government. The dear public, how it does like to be humbugged, if it swallows this! Anybody who reads Foreman or Worcester can see for himself the kind of "self-government" which the island of Sulu enjoys under its Sultan. It is the regular system of Mohammedan absolutism. The plain truth is, that the Administration has its hands so uncomfortably full in Luzon that it is appalled at the idea of having to fight in Sulu also. So it comes down with the dust, and tells the Sultan to do whatever he pleases in the way of oppression and arbitrary rule if he will only fly the American flag.

The report comes from Boston that the Republican machine in Massachusetts will oppose the reëlection of Senator Hoar because he is not in harmony with the Administration on the subject of the Philippines, and because he (Hoar) is reckoned an anti-Imperialist. It seems to us that it would be wiser for the machinists to wait and see what the McKinley policy is, before throwing Senator Hoar overboard. It may prove that McKinley is in harmony with Hoar. Such a vacillating person is liable to turn up anywhere at any time. It would be most embarrassing if Senator Hoar and all the Massachusetts Republicans who agree with him were read out of the party for anti-Imperialism, and at the last moment McKinley himself should turn around and become an anti-Imperialist also. However that may be, Senator Hoar cannot change his position. He has won a crown of exceeding glory by upholding the Declaration of Independence as a document of world-wide truth, applicable to all people struggling for liberty, whether white or black, whether the Malay or Caucasian, whether of the New World or of the Old. If Massachusetts throws him overboard for this reason, the dishonor will be great, but it will be all her own.

Unwitting confession of wrong-doing is often more conclusive than open beating of the breast and acknowledging one's self a miserable sinner, and this is what we are now getting from the Administration. Its virtuous declaration that all the commissions for the volunteer army are to be given strictly for merit, is indirectly the plainest kind of admission that its different course last year was all wrong. One of its thick-and-thin defenders has a dim perception of the awkwardness of praising the new departure, and inserts a solemn explanation that to laud the new method is not to admit that the old method was nefarious. But if the old way of handing

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over commissions to a "pull" or a purse was commendable, why abandon it? That is what the politicians are asking who are now overrunning the White House in search of military appointments. If their demands must be refused this year, as calculated to injure the army, why were they not refused last year for the same reason? If a stern sense of duty compels the President to appoint only experienced and capable officers now, where was his sense of duty last year?

The baleful effect of President McKinley's act in removing 10,000 offices from the merit system at the instance of the spoilsmen finds a fresh illustration in the resolutions adopted by the Republican State convention of Kentucky on Thursday. The politicians there assembled hailed the new order with delight. They so far forgot themselves that they repudiated that part of their own national platform which relates to civil-service reform, although it is binding on the party until repealed or until a new platform is adopted. They forgot, also, that Mr. McKinley, or at all events his Secretary of the Treasury, adheres to the St. Louis platform, and maintains that the recent executive order is not in conflict with it. These trifling incongruities were not noticed by the Kentucky politicians. They went to the heart of the matter at once, and passed two resolutions on the subject, viz.:

"We reaffirm our adherence to principles and to policies proclaimed by the last national Republican convention, except as to the civil service.

"We commend the present amendment of civil-service rules by the President, and declare our belief that further modifications of existing civil-service legislation may be made with advantage to the public service."

For the purpose of contrast, we reprint the clause of the last Republican national platform, which the party in Kentucky now repudiates in express terms:

"The civil-service law was placed on the statute book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced, and extended wherever practicable."

An edifying controversy sprang up last week in New Hampshire, when Senator Chandler and Senator Gallinger appeared on opposite sides in a prosecution of the latter for levying contributions on federal office-holders for campaign purposes. This is a violation of the civil-service law, and ex-Governor Busiel took the initiative in calling Gallinger to account for it. Gallinger thought that Chandler had inspired this movement against him, and he asked in the preliminary investigation whether that was not the fact. When it came Chandler's turn to testify, he said that he had withdrawn from membership of the campaign committees of his State on account of the passage of the civil-service law, and had advised Gallinger to do the same, and that when he found that Gallinger was assessing federal office-holders he left the committee rooms altogether. This was very becoming on the part of Chandler, and we set it down to his credit that, although not a friend of the civil-service law, he would not openly violate it or countenance its violation by remaining in the company of those who were levying assessments on office-holders.

The real significance of the row between these worthies is the neglect and contempt into which the whole civil-service law has fallen under the present Administration. As we have repeatedly shown, the system had been honeycombed, through unrebuked violations of the law, long before Mr. McKinley threw off the mask in his order turning over 10,000 offices to the spoilsmen. It is well known that case after case of flagrant disregard of the civil-service law and regulations has been brought to the attention of the President, who has effusively thanked and flattered his informants, and then done precisely nothing to bring the offenders to justice. With the Chief Magistrate thus consenting to see the law made a mockery, what wonder that senatorial bosses like Gallinger should go back unblushingly to the old system of blackmailing federal employees? The violation of the law in New Hampshire was notorious. A copy of the assessing circular, with Senator Gallinger's name on it, was produced. Now such assessments are criminal. A statute of the United States so declares, and provides a penalty of $500 for each offence. It is a statute, moreover, which was enforced under President Arthur, and offenders convicted. A vigilant Executive, eager to put down this form of crime against the United States as well as all others, would long ago have instructed the United States District Attorney to look into the matter and see that the law was respected and enforced. But Mr. McKinley has been so busy sending greetings to the Christian Endeavor Convention that he has had no time to attend to his sworn duty.

The importers of Swiss embroideries, in their proceedings to test the law under which Appraiser Wakeman acted in his harassing movements against them, drew out some facts of importance last week. One was, that the Collector of the Port did not, of his own motion, order a reappraisement of the goods; that he was satisfied with the first appraisement, but that he was instructed by Mr. Howell, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to order such reappraisement. The law does not authorize the Assistant Secretary, or anybody except the Collector, to order the reappraisement of goods that have once been passed. The question which the Board of General Appraisers have now to pass upon is, whether the Treasury Department is vested with such general powers of oversight that it can contravene or supplement the mandate of the law relating to the importation of merchandise in such a way as to inflict losses upon merchants for which they have no remedy. We trust that this question may be brought before the courts, and that it may be made known whether there is any limit to the persecution of that portion of the community whose business supplies the Government with two-thirds of its revenue.

The republic of Mexico desires to consolidate its debt in a 5 per cent. gold bond to the amount of about $110,000,000, of which about $25,000,000 has been allotted by the contracting syndicate to the United States and Holland. The remainder goes to England and Germany. The loan has been underwritten by the syndicate of which the American branch is the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. The amount allotted to this country is small, but it has some significance in the fact that it is the first introduction of foreign government loans to this market. It may have a further significance as being the first step of the republic of Mexico towards the gold standard. Mexico has the double standard in law, but the single silver standard in fact. All her revenues are collected in silver, and all her obligations are paid in that metal except such as are made specifically payable in London or Berlin. We shall hope to hear from our silver doctrinaires on this subject in due time. Senator Jones of Nevada might well devote a couple of days to it, and Mr. Charles A. Towne of Minnesota might prove to the satisfaction of himself and George Fred Williams that the gold standard can never be adopted in Mexico even if her people and rulers desire it.

The American-China Development Company is one of the evidences of the superabundance of capital in the United States for domestic use. The surplus which has been accumulating since our own Western territory was supplied with rather more railway mileage than was needful, must and will find an outlet. China presents a field that is inviting in the sense that it is a country of large resources as yet undeveloped. It is not yet known publicly what kind of a charter the American company has obtained for a railway from Han-Kow to Canton, or what, if any, obstacles have been put in the way of its realization by the Chinese authorities. It is reported from Washington, however, that Minister Conger has been instructed to use his good offices and influence to secure the effectual carrying out of the contract,

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and the securing of other privileges of trade and investment in the Celestial Empire, but not to take joint action with any other Power in such a way as to form an international engagement. To this there can be no objection.

That a large increase in importations of foreign goods follows a year of extraordinary domestic prosperity and profit has often been manifested in our history. It is not surprising, therefore, that imports for the fiscal year 1899, as last week's statement shows, have increased $81,027,000 over 1898. Nevertheless, the total importations of the year are smaller by far than those of any year in the decade past except 1898 and 1894. Two explanations are advanced for this remarkable result. Now and then, some belated protectionist will point with pride to the Dingley law as the cause of our relatively slow recourse to foreign markets. But this explanation can be easily blown away. Of the eighty-one millions increase in importations, seventy-two millions came from dutiable goods. In the similar trade year, 1880, under a similar tariff, imports increased no less than $222,000,000, or nearly three times their present increase. Furthermore, the folly of talking of protectionist barriers when our own manufacturers were invading the foreign markets, is so plain that he who runs may read. The simple fact, proved as conclusively by our export trade as by our imports, is that American capital and American ingenuity have so far broken the fetters of protection that we no longer depend on foreign markets to meet an increasing home demand. This year, it is the foreign markets, even for manufactured iron goods, which depend on us to make good their shortage. Last May's report, which showed for the eleven months an increase of $45,000,000 in imports of raw material for the use of our own exporting manufacturers, gives a hint at the great industrial change which has been in progress.

What is most likely to strike the reader's attention, in the foreign trade statement for the fiscal year ending with June, is the fact that the total export trade virtually shows no decrease whatever from the fiscal year 1898. Such a result would hardly have been predicted, a year ago, by any experienced observer. The corner in wheat had then collapsed. Exportation of cereals from the United States had fallen to barely half the monthly average of May and June. The European famine and the European alarm over a possible blockade of wheat supplies were both ended. Europe, through its urgent purchases of our wheat in May and June, had raised its own storehouse reserves nearly fourteen million bushels beyond their total of the year before, and this great increase in the supply at hand came at the moment when European farmers, for the first time in three years, were reaping an abundant grain harvest. A heavy decrease, both in quantity and in value, of agricultural exports from the United States was thus inevitable. Since agricultural shipments had made nearly 70 per cent. of the total American exports in the fiscal year 1898, it was natural to expect a rapid decrease in our export trade. As a matter of fact, agricultural exports in the fiscal year just ended were less by nearly $86,000,000 than in the fiscal year 1898. But what had not been reckoned on by the commercial prophets was the sudden development of a world-wide famine in iron, which, like the wheat famine of 1897 and 1898, was by far most acutely felt in Europe. The result was an increase in our steel and iron shipments for eleven months, shown by the May report (the latest classified summary available), exceeding by $21,000,000 those of the similar period in 1898. Simultaneously, the foreign demand for other commodities of manufacture expanded rapidly, and the increase during the fiscal year, in all manufactured goods, can hardly have fallen short of $50,000,000. A similar increase in the foreign demand for products of the mines raised the total exports almost to the level of 1898.

When the Tammany rank and file grasp the full meaning and effect of the new rules and regulations which the State Civil-Service Commissioners have prepared for this city, they will not only agree with ex-Senator Plunkitt about the "civil-service curse," but will, unconsciously, of course, parody the exclamation of Shylock by saying the "curse never fell upon Tammany till now"! The State Commissioners have eliminated most of the concessions which they made in the conference with the City Commissioners, greatly reducing the number of places which are to be exempt from competitive examinations, and placing in the competitive class many which have hitherto not been there. They have also taken from the appointing powers the right to set aside persons heading the eligible lists and to substitute others for them, and have inserted such perfectly fiendish requirements as that causes for removal must be filed, and that sworn certification must be made that an office-holder has actually done the work for which he is paid a salary, before he can get his money. There will be groans and writhings in Tammany when this "curse" falls, and the feeling towards Mayor Van Wyck, who made it possible, is not likely to be kindly.

An acute English statesman said long ago that Mr. Chamberlain was the nearest approach to an American politician known in English public life. Recent occurrences will not make that opinion seem less just. There was the revelation in Parliament the other day that Chamberlain owned stock in the Niger Company, just bought up by the Government. He confessed a certain indelicacy in the situation, but indignantly repelled any suspicion of official impropriety. Yet it is matter of public notoriety that he visited with severe denunciation another public officer for doing the same thing. But he jauntily puts this all aside in a manner that is not only American but Blaineish, which is, of course, another way of saying "intensely American." And he has a true American agility in slipping away when "cornered." Thus, in the debate a little while ago on the Indian sugar duties, Sir Henry Fowler produced a formal opinion by Mr. Chamberlain, both as public man and as economist, flatly opposed to the course which he is now eagerly advocating. But did this trouble the Colonial Secretary? Not in the least. Why rake up his old speeches? Whatever he may have said in the past, *this* is what he says now, and honorable gentlemen who differ with him had better look out or they will lose their seats. Truly, the sincerest flattery—by imitation—of the ways of the American politician.

English war preparations go on, but it is difficult to see how there can be a war with the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain thinks that President Krüger's concessions respecting the franchise for the Outlanders are tricky and may be illusory in practice; but the Prime Minister of the Cape declares, on the contrary, that they are generous and satisfactory. This must have great weight with English public opinion. Though the Government is plainly determined to be ready for the war, if war must come, yet it just as plainly expects a peaceful solution. One curious item in the war measures is the announcement that the English troops are supplied with the Dum-Dum bullet. This shattering missile has been defended as necessary for use against savages, and on that ground alone the English delegates at The Hague voted that it might be used in war. A civilized soldier, when he gets a small-calibre steel bullet through his diaphragm, knows enough to stop right where he is. But Zulus and Dervishes and Pathans rather like being made a sieve of in that way, and come rushing on as before. Hence the necessity of a ball that will "stop" them when it hits. But how about the Boers? Is the use of the Dum-Dum against them intended as an insulting suggestion that they are no better than savages? Or will they take it as a tribute to their prowess? It seems a very doubtful form of compliment, as well as, we must say, a very doubtful proof of England's desire to make war "humane."

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THE SILENCE OF M'KINLEY.

Among the great men to whom the President's adulators compare him, simply by way of showing what a composite picture of greatness he is, we often see the name of Lincoln. That patient and humor-supported man, having gone where envy is extinguished, will not feel outraged by the comparison; and his admirers can afford to smile at it as he might have done. But they may, however, even granting the asserted likeness, reluctantly point out some differences. Perhaps the chief one, which instantly turns the comparison into contrast, is to be found in Lincoln's habit of freely informing the country of his plans and policies; of frankly and in person answering criticism; of pursuing, in short, the method of reasonable publicity.

It is said that the President resembles Lincoln in carefully watching the development of public opinion, and never getting too far in advance of it. McKinley's friends proudly accept the description of him as a man with "his ear to the ground." It shows how like Lincoln he is. Well, if it is true that Lincoln listened, it is also true that he gave people something to listen to. His public utterances were as frequent as they were frank. One has only to run over the index to Hay and Nicolay to see how numerous are the letters which Lincoln wrote and published to explain and defend his policy. His letter to Greeley of 1862; his letter concerning Vallandigham's arrest and imprisonment; his great letter to the Illinois Republicans in 1863—"The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea"—all are specimens. It was Lincoln's habit, at strategic moments and under adverse criticism, to throw out these letters of his which were truly half-battles. He not only followed but formed public sentiment.

Now no one could reasonably ask Mr. McKinley to write letters worthy of being named the same day with those of Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest masters of style that ever lived. Any man living might well shrink from that comparison. But if the President cannot be expected to put pen to paper and rout his opponents as Lincoln did, he can at least be expected to say something. It will not do for him to fall back on the dignity of his office as a justification of his silence. Lincoln did not make the same office undignified by his way of speaking out in person. In critical times like these, when so many questions of domestic and foreign policy are hotly debated, it is the duty of the President to take the people into his confidence; it is their right to know what he thinks and means to do. But where Lincoln was ready and willing to tell what he thought and intended, McKinley wraps himself in silence as in a garment.

Take the civil-service order. Expert reformers agree with expert spoilsmen that it is a step not only backward, but downward—not only off the platform, but into the mud. Various half-hearted and inconsistent explanations have been attempted by McKinley's subordinates, but he himself remains dumb. Why does he not come forward in person to defend the order, if it can be defended? A special duty to do so is laid upon him. He has not always been so voiceless about civil-service reform. He spoke and voted for it in Congress. He committed himself to it explicitly in his letter of acceptance. Yet thousands of his friends and supporters are sorrowfully saying that his acts have eaten his words. Can any one imagine Lincoln remaining silent under such circumstances? Is it "dignity" on McKinley's part, or is it confusion of face and uncertainty and dismay? He may be sure that as long as he says nothing, people will think the worst.

As to his Philippine policy, the case is even more flagrant. All the light the President has given us on that subject is but darkness intensified. His brief references to it in his message to Congress, his studiously non-committal speech in Boston, and his car-platform platitudes in the South are all we have to go upon, and they do not get us forward one inch. What Mr. McKinley is now doing in the Philippines, what he means to do, the country does not know. His angriest defenders do not agree in their statements of his policy. Is he going to kill the Filipinos with kindness or with bullets? Is he going to buy up Aguinaldo as he has undertaken to buy up the Sultan of Sulu? Is his policy peace or a sword? The country is left in blank ignorance about all this. The oracles are dumb. McKinley lies with his ear glued to the ground, but not one stroke does he himself give to convey a vibration to the ears of others.

This persistent and astonishing silence of the chosen leader of the people, when so great a crisis is upon us, is susceptible of various explanations. We think the most plausible one is that the President does not speak because he has nothing to say. This was Sydney Smith's explanation of the taciturnity of Englishmen; they kept still because there was nothing in their heads. If Mr. McKinley cannot defend his civil-service order, no doubt his true plan is silence, and mighty little of that, as the Irish magistrate said. If he has no Philippine policy except one of drift, he is wise to keep close-mouthed, and, like Hotspur's wife, refuse to utter what he does not know. His silence is a good deal of a puzzle if he is a second Lincoln; but there is a theory of portentous and solemn silence which an increasing number of people are saying exactly fits McKinley's case. It is laid down in Shakspere:

> "O my Antonio, I do know of these
> That therefore only are reputed wise
> For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
> If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
> Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

IT WAS A "BACKWARD STEP."

In one respect it is to be regretted that proof of the inaccuracy of Secretary Gage's defence of President McKinley's recent civil-service order is so abundant. It swells the answer which the Secretary of the Civil-Service Reform League makes, to such a volume as greatly to reduce the number of persons who would naturally be inclined to read it. Yet every word of it is well worth reading, for there is scarcely a sentence in it which does not contain an item of proof that the President has violated his most solemn pledges, and that the worst offender in breaking down the law is Secretary Gage himself. Whoever else may be fitted to speak as an authority on civil-service reform, Mr. Gage clearly is not. He has been one of the worst enemies, if not the very worst enemy, the cause has had in official life since the original law was enacted.

In formulating his evidence that the President's order is a "backward step," and does restore to the spoilsmen a large number of places which had been taken from them, Mr. McAneny has very wisely put the proceedings of the Treasury Department first. Secretary Gage invited this distinction when he made himself the champion of the President's course; but if he had not done so, the record of his department so far eclipses all others in assault upon the system that it is thereby entitled to first place in the assembling of the proof. Whatever else he may read, or omit to read, we entreat every one interested in good government to peruse carefully the passages in Mr. McAneny's reply which relate to the conduct of the Treasury Department. Mr. McAneny shows, in the first place, that Secretary Gage, when he entered upon office, found the Internal Revenue Service wholly subject to civil-service rules; that he began, long before the recent order was issued, to permit such violations of the law as freed a large portion of the service from these rules, and that at present the entire service has been restored to spoils politics. When it is remembered that, under our new internal-revenue laws, the chief portion of the income of the Government, aggregating no less than $276,000,000 during the year ending July 1, is collected through this branch of the service, the full meanng of this betrayal becomes apparent.

In the second place, Mr. McAneny shows how, under the guise of war-emergency appointments, the rules have been broken down so completely, by one piece of hostile legislation after another, that all appointments, in both the Treasury and War Departments, are now made without competitive examination. All temporary appointments, of which there

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have been a great many, have been made permanent by the President's order. In instance after instance where the law was violated, Secretary Gage, though requested to interfere and assert his authority to enforce the law, has declined to do so. The mass of evidence against him is overwhelming, and furnishes melancholy reading for reformers who thought they had a champion of the first order in Mr. Gage when he was made Secretary.

The original charge of the Civil-Service-Reform League, that the President's order withdraws fully 10,000 places from the classified service, is shown by official records to be strictly accurate. Equally conclusive proof is advanced in support of the League's other charges. Temporary appointments are shown to have been made permanent, and persons appointed after passing one of the lower grades of competitive examination are being transferred, after a "pass" examination only, to higher grades. "The effect of this practice," as Mr. McAneny says, "is likely to be that the higher grades, in time, will be placed on a virtually non-competitive basis"—that is, the whole system will be overthrown. This destructive process will be assisted by the other provision of the President's order which permits the reinstatement, at the discretion of department officials, of persons who have been removed from the service for any stated reason. This opens the door for the return of incompetent and unfit men, and nobody who knows anything about politics will question that the opportunity will be fully improved.

We have given only a cursory and incomplete outline of Mr. McAneny's reply. He devotes small space, and very properly so, to Secretary Gage's ingenuous contention that the opportunities which the President's order gives for evasion of the law will not be improved because the Administration does not intend to use them. If the power was not intended for use, why was it conferred? Has it not always been the chief aim of every spoilsman to "beat the law," if he could? Is it not a fact that every opportunity to "beat" it which the new order affords is already being improved? And this is not the worst aspect of the situation at Washington. Mr. McAneny declares that, for the first time since the National Civil-Service Commission was created, access to its records has been refused to him, because he wished to find there proof of the Administration's bad faith. This fact, coupled with the spectacle of a Civil-Service Commissioner, appointed by President McKinley, defending publicly this "backward step," shows clearly enough what the friendly professions of the Administration towards the reform are worth. The first step towards the overthrow of the entire system has been taken, and all efforts to disguise the crime or confuse the public judgment about it will be unavailing.

RESPONSIBILITY OF LAWYERS AS CITIZENS.

The recent meeting of the Bar Association of Pennsylvania was in several ways of unusual importance. Mr. Hornblower's address was itself worthy of public attention, and the fact that he was heartily applauded for defending the political ideals which have distinguished our country, is extremely encouraging to the truly patriotic. To the mass of the people the Constitution is but a meaningless name. To most of the educated it is a technical term, which they can perhaps define, but do not comprehend. To lawyers, however, such an instrument is full of the profoundest significance. They know what wonderful skill, what patient thought, what prolonged labor, were employed in its fabrication, and they alone can fully appreciate the prodigious blessings that have resulted from its existence. They are in position to understand the mischief that will follow from disregarding it, and they, more than any other class, can effectively protest against its violation. They are called on as citizens to use their professional skill in the public interest, just as doctors are called on for similar exertions in times of pestilence. The more they uplift their voices, like Mr. Hornblower, the sooner will sane counsels be listened to by our politicians.

As an illustration of what can be done in the way of procuring better laws by combined and persistent professional action, the report of the committee on uniform legislation may be referred to. It is now about eight years since this matter was seriously taken up by the profession, and in many of the States Commissioners have been appointed whose conferences have had very substantial results. Legislatures have been brought to recognize the importance of enacting laws with some reference to those already existing in neighboring communities. Bills have been perfected which systematize the acknowledgment and execution of written instruments, the sealing of deeds, the execution of wills, and the law of negotiable paper. Some states have already adopted these bills, and, the way having been broken, other States will more easily be induced to follow. Here, we may fairly say, we have genuine reforms due to a recognition by lawyers of their responsibility as members of our society.

This illustration serves to give additional force to the address of Justice Mitchell of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. His theme was "Fidelity to Court and Client in Criminal Cases." He referred to the alarming increase of crimes committed, not by the criminal classes, but against them, which go under the general name of lynch law. This description of crime he attributed largely to the feeling of impatience with legal delay, and distrust of the enforcement of justice. "Men not criminals themselves in intent refuse to wait for the law, and commit crime in the name and for the purpose of justice." The number of homicides in the country at large is appalling. No very trustworthy figures exist, but those which are presented may be reduced one-half and the result is still frightful. Judge Parker of the United States District Court, Arkansas, states that from 1890 to 1895, inclusive, there were nearly 44,000 homicides in the United States, while in the same period there were 723 legal executions and 1,118 lynchings. The Attorney-General has reported to Congress that in a single year there were 10,500 homicides, 100 convictions of murder by the courts, and 240 executions by illegal agencies. Judge Hillyer of Georgia declares that in 1896 there were more men murdered than fell at Gettysburg. Many States are comparatively free from this stain of bloodshed, but in Ohio, and Indiana, and Illinois there have been episodes that indicate the existence of dangerous tendencies.

As one cause of this deplorable blot on our civilization, Justice Mitchell did not hesitate to assign the inexcusable delays of the law. It has long been recognized that the efficacy of punishment as a deterrent from crime depends more on celerity than severity. Lawyers are always present in our legislatures, and they can generally shape laws as they desire. In the administration of justice they have almost complete control. Were they to devote themselves to accelerating the course of justice, they would be successful. Lawyers are often unjustly blamed, as individuals, for delay in bringing cases to trial. But for delays and hindrances and obstructions in the course of the trial and afterwards, Judge Mitchell said, counsel must accept the heaviest responsibility. They have a duty to the court as well as to the client. "Counsel represents the prisoner to defend his rights. In so doing he is bound to exercise competent learning, and to be faithful, vigilant, and resolute. But he is at the same time an officer of the court, part of the system which the law provides for the preservation of individual rights in the administration of justice, and bound by his official oath to fidelity as well to the court as to the client."

While individual lawyers were to blame for abuse of their position, Justice Mitchell held that the criminal law was full of unreasonable technicalities. Under the sanguinary code of an earlier day, these technical devices protected the interests of humanity, but under our milder laws they merely defeat the ends of justice. "The bar must take care that it shall not fail of its proper share in the right establishment of a new order

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of things, lest a whirlwind of popular impatience and distrust shall sweep away not only the hurtful obstructions, but with them some barriers that are true safeguards of innocence." These are wise words. They are addressed to those who are peculiarly responsible for the preservation of life and property from violence. If there is to be any reform, it must be carried through by lawyers. If lynching is to be checked, it must be by means of such reform. The profession is called on to act, both by its own members and by the laity. As they have shown what they can accomplish in other directions, let them now direct their efforts to this end. It may be called a "parochial" question; but 10,000 homicides a year is a phenomenon large enough to demand serious consideration.

COURTS AND COMBINATIONS.

The signs are abundant that the politicians of both parties will declare war against what they call "Trusts." The term "Trust" has established itself in the political vocabulary, and lack of significance will not displace it. It is a substitute for the "money power," a term which has done service for so many years that it may be regarded as worn out. The "money power" was the great bugbear during the early part of the century; and when Jackson was carrying on war against the Bank, the fury of the demagogues over the diabolical malignities of wealthy corporations exceeded the present display. The real object of attack then was accumulated wealth, and that is the object now. Corporations are denounced, but it is, of course, the men composing the corporations and owning their wealth that are really guilty, and they are capable of oppressing the people severally as well as by combination.

The obstacles which the demagogues will encounter when they undertake to legislate against combinations of capitalists are set forth in a judgment recently pronounced by the Court of Errors of New Jersey. A number of concerns engaged in making pottery in that State were bought and their works carried on by a corporation; a condition of the purchase being that the men bought out should not engage in the pottery business again within fifty years, except in a few remote States and Territories. Having received their money, some of these men proceeded to establish new potteries, and to compete actively with the larger corporation. On application by the latter, the Court of Errors held that the operation of the new potteries by these men should be enjoined. Their only justification for refusing to be bound by their contract was that such a contract was contrary to public policy, and the Court of Errors held that it was not.

For, in the first place, it was shown that a contract by the vendor of a business and its good-will that he will not compete with the purchaser, although a contract in restraint of trade, is not opposed to public policy when it is not absolute, and is reasonably required for the protection of the purchaser in his enjoyment of the business purchased. On any other principle, the good-will of a business would have no market value. No one could afford to pay anything for it if the seller could at once resume it. As Sir George Jessel said: "If there is one thing which more than another public policy requires, it is that men of full age and competent understanding shall have the utmost liberty of contract, and that their contracts, when entered into freely and voluntarily, shall be held sacred and shall be enforced by courts of justice." In other words, freedom of contract is more important than almost anything else. To allow a person to enter into a contract, obtain the benefits of it, and then repudiate his obligations under it, is, as another English judge has said, "*prima facie*, at all events, contrary to the interests of any and every country." And so our Federal Courts have held that the burden is on him who would avoid a contract because it is against public policy. Unless the Legislature is prepared to enact that no sale of the good-will of a business shall be valid, it cannot enact that no agreement not to compete in business shall be valid; or rather if it enacts the latter rule, this involves the former one.

Furthermore, if a man may lawfully buy the good-will of one business, how shall he be prevented from buying that of two? And if he may go so far, why may he not go further, and finally acquire all the concerns engaged in a particular industry? In the New Jersey case, it was urged that the five potteries bought were the only ones in the country making what is called sanitary ware, which has become one of the necessaries of life, and that the intention of the purchaser was to obtain a monopoly. Shall the Legislature then enact that no one shall buy all the factories making a certain necessary thing? Or shall it be lawful to buy all but one or all but 10 per cent. of them? And shall it forbid the purchaser of a part to have any interest in the remainder? Or shall there be unlimited freedom of purchase if the purchaser does not intend a monopoly? And who is to tell, and how, whether he does or not? According to the New Jersey court, "the contracts in question were not intended to withdraw, and do not appear to have withdrawn, from work a single workman in that industry. They restrain a comparatively small number of capitalists, who had previously employed their capital in such manufacture, from continuing to do so. The entire capital of the country, except theirs, is free to be employed in the manufacture." There was no proof that the public would suffer under such a consolidation as was effected.

The situation had no peculiarity because a corporation did what an individual might do. The New Jersey law authorizes a corporation to buy the stock of another corporation. If such purchases are prohibited, as has been elsewhere done, individuals may make the purchase, and organize a corporation afterwards to carry on the business. What the demagogues must do, if they wish to prevent the carrying on of business by combinations, is to forbid not only corporations but also firms and individuals from agreeing to carry on any industry. Unless this is done, individuals will direct the policy of competing corporations by controlling their stock. Such management may be inconvenient and expensive, but it is possible. The cost of production would be increased, and the public would have to pay a part at least of the increased cost of products. Perhaps we shall try the experiment, but it is doubtful if the public will like the results of the policy after it is adopted. All coöperation involves combination, and it is not yet the fashion to denounce coöperation. Combination on a great scale is the consequence of doing business on a great scale. It results from the great accumulation of wealth in modern times. Our governments can do much to hinder the accumulation of wealth, and thus limit combinations. We have yet to see how they can otherwise prevent them; nor is it easy to frame a statute against great combinations without including small ones.

TAXES AND INTEREST.

It was laid down as a maxim by Adam Smith, that wherever a great deal can be made by the use of money, a great deal will commonly be given for the use of it; and that wherever little can be made by it, less will commonly be given for it. Hence it may be inferred, in a rough way, that profits vary with the rate of interest. Accepting this rule, we cannot fail to be impressed with the decline that has taken place in the rate of profit in this country within the last twenty-five or thirty years. Before 1873, seven per cent. was a common rate for money loaned on bond and mortgage in the city of New York, and a not uncommon rate for railroad mortgages. Five per cent. was a rate hardly thought of even by persons and corporations enjoying the best credit. As money was freely borrowed at those rates, it would follow that the average rate of profit was from 12 to 15 per cent., taking the country at large. In many lines of business, and in certain parts of the country, the rate was higher than this; but in the older and richer regions this rate was probably not generally exceeded.

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At the present moment, the rate of interest is little, if any, more than one-half what it was in 1870. A great deal of money is loaned at 3 per cent., and many very large issues of 3½ per cent. bonds are quoted above par. Frequently the rates for call loans are even lower, and the lending capacity of the country seems to be unlimited. Under these circumstances we know, *a priori*, that the rate of profit must fall. Competition settles that. If money can be borrowed at 3 or 4 per cent., there are plenty of alert men who will borrow it and undersell those who are trying to maintain the old-fashioned rate of profit. Whether profits of 6 or 7 per cent. are sufficient to content the ordinary business man cannot as yet be accurately determined; but under present conditions the average rate of profit cannot long be maintained above that figure. The firm or corporation that can earn, year in and year out, 7 per cent. on its capital, is doing as well as can be expected.

Such a decline in the rate of profit has necessarily many important economic, as well as social, results. One of these is the extinction of business enterprises having small capitals. Their earnings are not enough to pay the wages of management in addition to the wages of labor. Another result, no doubt, is the combination of business concerns. The steadily falling rate of profit compels attention to economies, and in the office expenses and the cost of marketing goods very great economies have been effected. Such economies enable particular concerns to maintain for a time a high rate of profit; but such success can be, in most cases, only temporary. By the aid of protective duties, patents, and other conditions favoring monopoly, many enterprises will doubtless long continue to pay very high profits on the capital originally invested, but even they will be unable to maintain such profits indefinitely.

Such being the return of capital, the amount demanded by the tax-gatherer becomes a very important subject of consideration. Here we find no such tendency as is seen in the case of interest and profits. Taxes have very generally increased. The indirect taxes collected by the United States authorities have been enlarged in number and in rate. The direct taxes levied in the States and municipalities, while not generally much higher in rate, are double what they were, if we compare them with the rate of interest. It is this fact to which public attention should be directed, for it is never referred to. Little dependence can be placed on the census statistics, but we know from other sources the condition of affairs in most of our cities. In some few cases, and those not unimportant, the valuation of property has not been raised in the proportion in which its real value has been enhanced; but as a general rule assessments have kept pace with the advance in values, and in some cases have surpassed it. Hence, it may fairly be said that even if the nominal rate of taxation were the same as formerly, the actual burden would be twice what it was. In other words, the taxes levied on accumulated property are as high as ever, while the revenue derived from such property is only one-half what it was.

Such an increase of the burden of government cannot be regarded without alarm. It is, of course, to be remembered that many things are done by the State that were formerly not done. There have been great improvements in streets and parks, in water and light, in public buildings, in police, and in education. Such improvements, however, could have been made and could be maintained for much less than they cost. The manner in which our rulers spend the taxes in all large communities has long been a scandal. Every one knows the condition of affairs in Illinois, in Pennsylvania, and in New York. In our own State many millions of dollars have been wasted within a few years, under the pretence of improving the canals. The evidence is overwhelming that our rulers spend the taxes badly, and the increase of taxation must therefore be regarded as an economic evil. Little further fall in the rate of interest can be anticipated, and if the increase in taxation is not arrested, the prosperity of the country cannot continue. At least we must be prepared for a material reduction in the rate at which wealth and population have heretofore increased.

A MODERN MASQUE.

LONDON, July 1, 1899.

The Art Workers' Guild is little known, even by name, to the outside world, but it is probably the most genuine society of artists in London. It includes men who practise every art and every craft, from the painter and sculptor to the basket-maker and metal-worker, from the illustrator and architect to the painter and designer. It finds a place for artists as entirely opposed in intention and method as Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Sargent, as Mr. Walter Crane and Sir L. Alma-Tadema; in a word, so far from imitating the foolish exclusiveness of the Royal Academy, it aims at being as representative as possible, and at encouraging a practical union of all the arts. It has its headquarters at Clifford's Inn, one of the picturesque old inns of court just off Fleet Street, where the members are understood to meet and talk, speaking their minds with a freedom that would be alarming to the seeker after Academic honors. But such is the Guild's rare talent for keeping its own affairs to itself that, beyond this, little can be said of it with authority. Its performance of a Masque at the Guildhall this week is its first appearance before the public.

Why it should have decided to make a public appearance at all, may not be easy to explain. But perhaps the example of the balls and processions arranged, from time immemorial almost, by the artists of Paris and Munich, together with the knowledge of the Guild's ability to rival them, had something to do with it; or perhaps it was simply the desire to create a beautiful pageant. If the Masque was the form in which this desire was eventually expressed, it was probably because no other manner of pageant is so essentially English, and gives such a chance to the invention and fancy of every kind of artist and craftsman. In the days of the famous masques, the spectacle was always the great thing. While the legitimate boards were still as bare and unadorned as the Elizabethan Stage Society loves to show them, the Masque was as splendid and gorgeous and lovely as the artist, with a royal or princely purse at his command, could make it. Ben Jonson might write for the theatre, too, but it was only for the Masque that the services of Inigo Jones were in request, and this calling-in of the artist was its special distinction. The theatre gradually borrowed the gorgeousness but left out the artist, and in the gaudy glitter of Drury Lane, in the showy pretentiousness of the Lyceum and Her Majesty's, most people to-day have forgotten that there is no reason in the world why the picture on the stage should not be as beautiful, as dignified, as harmonious as the picture on canvas. There have been two or three revivals of the Masque during the present century, but the object then was rather to borrow the pretty, artificial old fashion of celebrating a royal event than to take advantage of a delightful form of pictorial expression. The Art Workers, on the contrary, have been interested above all in the pictorial possibilities. What they wanted to revive was, not Ben Jonson's, but Inigo Jones's share in the pageant.

But, of course, there had to be a play, or dramatic allegory, as motive for the picture, and this they undertook to write themselves, for the Masque was to be from beginning to end their own creation. If they may not be able to boast a Milton, there are two among their number, Mr. Selwyn Image and Mr. Henry Wilson, who write admirable verse, and three or four others, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. C. R. Ashbee, Mr. Harrison Townsend, who can at least versify fluently. The regret is that William Morris, for many years an active member, and for one the Master, of the Guild, did not live long enough to join in the work, for he could have made it worthy to rank as a poem with the Masques of Tudor and Stuart days. However, as it was, "Beauty's Awakening" answered its purpose excellently. The princess of the fairy tale was transformed into the Spirit of All Things Beautiful, the redemption of London was the joyous result of the kiss of the Prince in his new rôle as the good Knight Trueheart; and, if this seems very naïve, it must be remembered that not even Milton in "Comus" ventured upon a subtle or intricate plot.

As the pageant slowly took shape, as the scheme for it, that originated about a year ago, was more and more developed, it was realized, no less to the astonishment of the Art Workers than of any one else, what a big thing had been undertaken. Big as it was, however, professional assistance was called in only for the music, composed by Mr. Malcolm Lawson—though at the performance it was a member of the Guild, Mr. Belcher, an architect, who led the orchestra

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—and for the stage management, as it was found absolutely indispensable to have some one who could devote the necessary time and attention to every rehearsal, and also to the proper drilling of the dancers. But it was a more serious matter when it became evident that the scheme had outgrown the limits of the Guild's own hall in Clifford's Inn, where it was first intended that the Masque should be given. The new version of the old story meant many dancers and groupings and processions; it meant, besides, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred performers. In Clifford's Inn hall was scarcely more space than for a stage of the required size. It was useless to think of the ordinary theatre with its tinsel and gilding and sham; a more discordant frame could not be imagined. But, with nothing less than a stroke of genius, the Art Workers determined to ask the Lord Mayor to lend them the Guildhall. There is no more beautiful or statelier hall in London; it is in the very midst of the richest and most commercial part of a town where, according to some authorities, the Spirit of All Things Beautiful sleeps her soundest. Moreover, it is the scene of the most impressive and magnificent official pageants still left in the world, though, it must be confessed, the actors in these are apt to look rather sheepish and ashamed of themselves. Somehow, it is hard to say just how, but largely through the intervention of Mr. Merwyn Macartney, the Master of the Guild, the Lord Mayor and the Corporation were induced to consent, and though, afterwards, the County Council, by the imposition of tedious and vexatious restrictions, did its best to prevent the Guild's profiting by the generosity of the City, in the end the Guildhall was delivered over to the carpenter for the great part of one week, and to the performers for the greater part of the next. And, indeed, this has proved but another of numerous occasions when the City refuses to justify its reputation for outer barbarianism. I think most people, when they came away from the finest pageant seen in London for many a long day, must have felt, with me, that the County Council, for all its pretensions as a refining influence and a promoter of art, can still take a lesson or two from the much-abused Corporation.

The stage, set up at that end of the Guildhall over which Gog and Magog preside, was the triumph of the Masque. It was designed by Mr. Henry Wilson, an architect of whom the world will be sure to hear more in the future, and it was as little as possible like the usual big, bare stage, with its flimsy scenery and stale devices—it was a "lordly pleasure-house" rather, a Palace of Art, its architecture as stately and sumptuous a setting for the groups and figures that passed across it, as the arcades and terraces of Veronese are for his painted courts and ceremonies. Wide steps led up from the audience to a great central portal, flanked on either side by graceful columns, gray and cool in color, harmonizing with the surrounding stone-work. Above the great golden arch, above the spreading colonnades, towering to the mysterious roof, was a majestic vague veil of blue, over it no meaningless arabesques, no bedraggled flowers, but only one single silver figure keeping guard in the centre. The solemn, the immense mystery of the proscenium concentrated the eye on the stage; nor was there in the detail and ornament any of the tawdry prettiness or glaring tinsel, so dear to the professional stage decorator, to distract it. At the back of the stage were three rounded arches, filled as low as the capitals with a dull gold lattice; and every capital—the design of Mr. Wilson, carried out by Mr. Stirling Lee and Mr. Murphy—was delicately sculptured, and painted in green and red and the same dull gold, giving just the right notes of color. Hangings, like rare tapestries, fell between the columns at the sides. A drop-curtain, for certain scenes, represented, very conventionally, a wood; for others, it rose, showing the three arches, with, beyond, the hedge of flowers and briers that must enclose the palace of every Sleeping Beauty, and that was replaced for the last scene of all by "arras green and blue." Nothing could have been simpler, nothing more imposing. When the stage was dimly lit, and you looked through the Romanesque portal to where the gold of lattice and capitals glowed in the tender gloom, it was like looking into one of the shadowy chapels of St. Mark's, somebody said to me.

Mystery is essential to all great art, we have been told. It was the element of mystery Mr. Wilson introduced in his stage that was one reason of his success, nor was the importance of this quality undervalued in the arrangement and action of the several scenes. On the professional stage there is always either a uniform illumination or a uniform darkness, or else a sudden, abrupt flash upon one figure. Gradation of light and shade is not understood by the professional managers. But the Art Workers knew its value in a picture, and their sole idea was to produce pictures. Every costume, down to the most minute ornament, the most trivial detail, had been designed by one or another among their number; every emblem borne by the different characters, every chair set upon the stage, was their work; and yet they never hesitated to subordinate the beauty of the various parts, when necessary, to make a perfect whole. There were no footlights; but why should there have been? There are no footlights in a picture. The illumination came from the sides, it seemed to issue mysteriously from the clustered columns. Some critics have found fault with this, as is natural, for critics have a way of damning everything they do not understand because it is new to them. But in the crude glare to which the conventions of the theatre have accustomed us, the daintiest or most splendid color-schemes would inevitably lose. When, after the Prolocutor, who, in his red and black robes and laurel wreath of gold, introduced every scene, had made his first announcement, and the curtains were drawn, and at the back of the stage, below the golden lattice, the Sleeping Beauty, with her Seven Lamps grouped about her, was seen in a soft pale green light, it was in very truth like an enchanted palace. And when, into the midst of these "perfect forms in perfect rest," the Fallen Leaves of the Forest—children in russet and green and gold and scarlet—were blown by the Four Winds and sent whirling and swirling in a rhythmical flight, to the strange, old, wind-like music of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his orchestra, now they were but dim, shadowy shapes, as if clouds were sweeping across the unseen sky, now they shone forth radiantly, as if in a sudden gleam of sunshine, so gay that a little butterfly, with orange-streaked wings, came fluttering down the stage. The management of the light was masterly, both from the symbolical and pictorial standpoint. Without it, the dance would have been charming, for the dresses designed by Mr. Louis Davis were very pretty and graceful, and Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his musicians, in their antique costumes, with their curious old instruments, grouped at the foot of the steps, were as picturesque. But the play of light made it more than charming—as exquisite a poem as the dance of the nymphs in Corot's glades. I was sitting at the far end of the hall; the audience was in all but complete darkness, out of which loomed up the gray walls of the ancient building and the ghostly monuments of Pitt and Wellington; and the stage in the distance, with its shifting lights and shadows and its dancing leaves, was as unreal, as fantastic as a Midsummer Night's Dream.

There was another lovely picture when the Knight Trueheart in his glittering armor slept in a mystical forest that made one think of Merlin and Vivian in the wild woods of Broceliande; and again when, armed by Fortitude and Hope, he met and slew the horrid dragon Aschemon, and vanquished the whole tribe of modern demons, as uncouth as the "monstrous rout" of Comus. These demons, Jerrybuiltas, Slumdum, and the others, held their own high revels in the dusky twilight best adapted to such an evil crew. But it was when the drop-curtain was raised and the palace within once more revealed, that the richest and most sumptuous scenes followed, that some of the most marvellous effects were rendered. At the bidding of Clio, the Muse of History, the Fair Cities of the World with their attendants, passed, as in a vision, by the couch of the Sleeping Beauty, whose sway they had once owned. Each of these groups was composed by a member of the Guild, each was as historically accurate as pictorially it was splendid, and, in several, well-known artists themselves figured—Mr. Walter Crane as Dürer in the train of Nuremberg; Mr. Pomeroy, the sculptor, as Phidias, with Athens; Mr. Stannus, the architect, as Titian, with Venice; Mr. Hughes, as his own St. Louis, with Paris. Miss May Morris, who, in her severe white draperies, might have stepped down from some old Byzantine mosaic, led the way as St. Helena, for Byzantium. Each group appeared beyond the arcade, paused a moment by the Sleeping Beauty and her unlit Lamps, then passed out into the full light of the stage to be lost slowly in the shadows of the colonnades. I have never seen anything like this on the stage before; it reminded me of the effect in certain pictures, in the "Night Watch," for instance, with the few figures brilliant in the centre, and the others gradually disappearing, merged into the mysterious glooms and distances. And the arrangement of the scene pointed to another mistake made on the ordinary spectacular stage, for it was shown clearly that it is less by numbers and crowding that grandeur and splendor are to be suggested than by two or three figures well placed. Thebes, with her single attendant, Rameses II., in simple white draperies, seemed to fill the stage far more effectively than the endless battalions of a Drury Lane spectacle.

One by one, the Cities passed separate-

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ly, to the dramatically appropriate melody of Mr. Lawson's music, and then, in long procession, they passed again: lotus-bearing Thebes; Athens, with, for insignia, a Venus held aloft; Rome, with globe of power; Byzantium, with cross and scroll of the law; Florence, lily-laden, scattering flowers in her path, accompanied by two of her greatest sons, Dante and Cimabue; Venice (jewels her burden), large and resplendent as the women of Giorgione and Tintoretto, a Doge and Titian in her guard of honor; Nuremberg and her craftsmen "born of Toil and Liberty," with whom it was only in keeping that Mr. Walter Crane should enroll himself; Paris, with St. Louis, Joan of Arc, and the Three Graces to explain her greatness and her charm; Oxford, with her band of students. And when, at the kiss of Trueheart, the spirit of All Things Beautiful awoke, and the lights burned once more in her Seven Lamps, London at last, like the Lady in Comus, was set free from the demons, and took her place with the Fair Cities; Labor and Invention, Freedom and Commerce waiting upon her. The Five Senses, gay and many-hued as a garden of flowers, celebrated their deliverance in a joyful dance, and all the performers, Fallen Leaves and Demons and Fair Cities, joined in a triumphal procession. The stage now was one great blaze of light, and so was the hall, and the music burst into a stirring march, and in and out among the columns, even down the steps where the Prolocutor stood, and in and out among the audience, just as the performers in the old Masques marched through the streets of Whitehall with all London looking on, the procession passed, a winding line of rich, iridescent color. The pageants that Carpaccio watched, that Veronese painted, were not more gorgeous.

I know that as a revival the Masque has an historic interest. I know that to many the ethical intention of the allegory has seemed a recommendation. But its importance really, the one thing that distinguished it from other revivals and moral allegories, was its pictorial beauty. There may have been defects, here and there a slightly discordant note may have been struck. In the course of time it might have been still further perfected—indeed, the fourth performance, in many ways, was an improvement upon the first. But it is useless to search for defects when they were overshadowed by so much beauty. If any lesson was taught it was that, on a finely built stage, in a carefully graduated light, with the costumes and groups and movements designed by the artist, pictures may be composed as great as those of the greatest painter; that the crude conventions of the theatre are as inartistic as they are needless. And this lesson, if lesson you can call it, was taught by the Art Workers solely and entirely for their own amusement. Only the four performances were given: three for the public that chose to pay and so help to meet expenses, one for the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, who certainly deserved it, and who are so used to be themselves the performers in the Guildhall spectacles that they must have found it a strange experience to take part as lookers-on. Nor will the Masque be repeated. But I do not believe the true Art Worker ever grudges time and trouble to create a thing of beauty even if merely for a day.

N. N.

A MILANESE ART FOUNDATION.

ANDERMATT, June 29, 1899.

Municipal ardor has been, during the entire course of Italian history, the source of most of the good, as it has been of most of the evil, that has befallen the Peninsula. Town no longer meets town on the field of battle, but rivalry is not dead. It finds less bloody outlets. On the cruder side it has become a race to outdo each other in the number and noisiness of electric trains running through broad, new streets, lined with hideous blocks. But the same rivalry leads to endless pride in the past, to exultation in its artistic achievement, and—in rarer instances—to a sincere desire to preserve the artistic patrimony. Here also we encounter a nobler and a less noble tendency. The same spirit has led towns to admire their own artists beyond all bounds of considered criticism, and has inspired such foundations as the Querini-Stampalia at Venice, the Filangieri at Naples, the Galliera at Genoa, the Carrara-Lochis-Morelli at Bergamo, and, best of all, the Poldi-Pezzoli at Milan.

Where energy abounds, everything is possible. Milan, which led in tramways—it should be added that they have been "municipalized," and are the best and cheapest in Europe—is now leading in the recovery and intelligent arrangement of its art treasures. Milan was the home of Morelli and is still the home of the scarcely less eminent Signor Frizzoni, and of that alchemist in the restitution of begrimed and ruined pictures to their original state of perfection, Signor Cavenaghi. At his studio you find old and young of the best and most cultivated society, come to see the paintings received for restoration, and to watch the scrupulous magician at work. There also congregate the amateurs and students from all over Europe who happen to be passing through Milan. The interest in art aroused by these meetings has happily passed from words to deeds. It has led to the saving from demolition, and to the restoration, of the Castle of Milan, which bids fair, when completed, to be one of the most delightful and artistically instructive sights in Italy. It has induced a number of Milanese gentlemen to give their best energies to the proper installation of the works of art already collected. On some other occasion I hope to speak of the various treasures which Signor Vittadini is arranging in the Castle. Here I will say a few words about the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum which MM. Frizzoni, Boito, and Noseda have just ordered anew.

It was the private collection of the Milanese patrician, Cav. Poldi-Pezzoli, which he left to the town, adding an endowment for further purchases. The collection consists of bronzes, ivories, enamels, arms, tapestries, and pictures by the old Italian masters. All is interesting and of a high quality, but it is the pictures which give this museum its now almost world-wide fame. The other treasures are there by way of relief. It lacks but little of being an ideal show. There is not too much, and almost nothing of the sort of stuff which, instead of being discreetly hid away where the devout and forgiving eye of the archæologist alone shall see it, is too often flauntingly displayed to the puzzled or jeering gaze of the tourist or scoffer. You could spend a morning there in rooms not too large, among masterpieces not too overwhelming, amidst works of art which do not hate each other's company. It is in many ways a model that our collectors should study, and it will perhaps decide them not to leave their acquisitions to those monster storehouses where one perhaps may study, but scarcely ever enjoy, a work of art, but to endow them as separate small foundations containing only such objects as will give refined and elevated pleasure.

Unhappily, Cav. Poldi-Pezzoli combined with his passion for what was best in the art of the past a taste naturally bad in the art of the present. The wood carvings, the stained glass, the one or two pieces of modern statuary which still disfigure what was once the Cavaliere's private apartment, one fervently wishes away. The greatest eyesore was a huge bed, a nightmare of skilled and odious modern carving, which filled one entire room. This has been banished by the new arrangement, and the paintings and other works of art have been put in better light, and in such wise that they shall produce the greatest sensuous and æsthetic harmony.

One entire room is given up to the painters of the Milanese school. I regret that among them neither Foppa, nor Borgognone, nor even Bramantino is to be seen—none, in short, of the heroic or grandly decorative artists of the Quattrocento, but only the later brood whose prettiness renders them popular, and whose value Milanese critics (Morelli was a Milanese) have succeeded in raising far beyond their deserts, but who impress me as more or less empty echoes of Leonardo, mirroring his smile, catching much of his technique, but possessing neither his sovereign sense for form, his command of action, nor his deep insight into the human heart. The best of these followers was Beltraffio, who is represented by two Madonnas, the one beautiful in color, and reflecting more than a little of Leonardo's gracious, mysterious beauty; the other, a recent acquisition, badly drawn, hard, and bricky. Here also is Solario's masterpiece, the famous "Ecce Homo," in sentiment on the very edge of the Bolognese abyss, but technically a masterpiece of oil painting. Luini appears with a "Marriage of St. Catherine," one of his least glassy and vapid works. Even Cesare da Sesto is here somewhat less distasteful than usual. To him Signor Frizzoni now ascribes a small chromo-like version of Leonardo's "Madonna with St. Anne," but with St. Anne left out—a picture which bears some such relation to Leonardo as an abbreviated arrangement for an accordion might have to a Beethoven symphony. Finally, Leonardo's assistant, Ambrogio da Predis, author of the "Vierge aux Rochers" in the National Gallery, displays his not mean talents in a stately profile of an elderly gentleman. One of the very loveliest portraits ever painted in Italy hangs here. It is the likeness of herself in all the charm of young womanhood, with not a little of a great lady's elegance and grace, by Sofonisba Angussola of Cremona, one of the few women who have left their mark on art. Heiress of Brescian and Venetian traditions, she spent much of her life at the Court of Spain, and lived on into the seventeenth century, becoming in extreme old age an

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Egeria to the happy young Van Dyck at Genoa.

I shall mention but one picture of the Veronese school. It represents Samson stretched out on a bench in the foreground of a romantic, joyous landscape. He is sound asleep, and Delilah, in the bravery of all her beauty, sits by listlessly shearing his hair, while her paramour kneels watching. If this work of glowing deep color, quiet lyrical feeling, and exquisite arrangement of masses did not bear the forged signature of Carpaccio, it surely would pass for Giorgione's. Few pictures have more right to this title, and indeed a far inferior work in the Uffizi by the same hand bore it until the other day. The real author is Michele da Verona, a third-rate painter usually, but at times lucky.

The painters of Venice and her subject States have a well-lit room all to themselves. There you see first and foremost a Madonna by Montagna, a canvas of his latest years, dark but comely in color, and of intimate feeling. Around him are grouped the rugged, patriarchal masters of the Venetian Quattrocento. The heroic Montagna, majestic in form, in color mighty, is here with two splendid figures, a St. Paul and a St. Jerome, parts, doubtless, of some scattered polyptych. Cima shows the head of a female saint, done in his last years, when his porcelain-like surfaces were more than ever enamelled and transparent. Crivelli has two tiny pictures; in the one a St. Sebastian, in the other a St. Francis kneeling at the feet of the Man of Sorrows—tiny pictures, and precise, yet done in his unrivalled large decorative style. The unequal but grand Bonsignori is represented by at least three works. The bust of a female saint with pearls on her forehead and loose yellow hair is of radiant beauty—unhappily not altogether original. Better preserved and more rugged are the bust in profile of an old man, and another bust, full face, of a Venetian senator. Neither Giovanni Bellini nor Alvise Vivarini is to be seen here, although pictures bear these names. The Venice of the sixteenth century is represented by an indifferent Holy Family of Lotto's decline. On the other hand, the eighteenth century can boast of little or nothing to surpass the small Guardi recently bought, a view across the lagoon to the Lido, a delicate study in opalescent effect of sky and sea, diaphanous, evanescent, yet intensely real and intensely poetical—a prophecy of Whistler, if ever there was one.

Tuscany has sent few pictures to this delightful show, but all are interesting, and one at least of the highest order. The deep and intense but slovenly Pietro Lorenzetti is here with an unusually lovely Madonna and angels, replete with the ardor of Trecento Siena. Here Pietro makes his nearest approach to his brother, the great Ambrogio, but there is yet a gulf between them. The earliest of the Florentines at the Poldi-Pezzoli is Pesellino, one of the most gifted of Tuscan artists, rousing among his townsfolk the highest expectations, but dying in his prime—a Florentine Giorgione. His work here is a smallish Pietà, so close in form and color to Filippo Lippi that it took the piercing eye of Dr. Bode to see that it was not Lippi's but Pesellino's. There is yet another panel which at first glance (or if one saw a photograph only and not the original) one might be tempted to ascribe to Pesellino. It is a lunette of but a span long, containing an Annunciation. The composition was certainly Pesellino's, but the color and the technique are of two generations later. It is probably a copy after a lost original by Pesellino, made by Albertinelli or perhaps Sogliani. It is charming and interesting nevertheless. Albertinelli himself is represented by one of his most attractive and successful achievements, a small triptych of dainty finish and jewel-like color, both due to Flemish influence. Two panels are ascribed to Botticelli. One, a Pietà, is an unhappy caricature of the master's style, such, however, as pleases those who, caring little for his art and much for the emotions he depicts, find these emotions emphasized enough for rapid comprehension. The Madonna is much prettier now than when it left Sandro's hand, but is still his work.

I have properly left to the last the choicest morsel of the collection. It is the most famous of all the profiles of women attributed to Piero dei Franceschi. So famous is it that if at Milan you ask for a post-card you run the chance of receiving one with its reproduction on the back. You see against the sky the bust, in profile to the left, of a young woman, robust yet refined, simple yet elegant, with no self-consciousness—I need scarcely add, no grain of affectation. Artistically, the supreme charm of this work is in the outlines, firm and sinuous, leaving but little for the modelling to fill in. The tone tends to blondness, the gracefully coiffed hair is almost straw-colored, the sky is pale blue, the dress is of brocade, with a dazzling pattern. Few if any works of art have, like this bust, united critics and divided connoisseurs. All agree about its quality, but each has his own attribution. I have mine. I would ascribe it to Verrocchio in his earlier years. This is not the place to give my reasons. This much I may say, that while the resemblance between this work, both in quality and technique, to certain others by Verrocchio is great, you need only look at the bust of Battista Sforza in the Uffizi or the frescoes at Arezzo to see that it is not by Piero dei Franceschi; you need only look at the altar-piece in the Uffizi also to see that it is not by Domenico Veneziano; you need but look at the profile in the Hainauer collection at Berlin to see that it is not by Pollajuolo. By whom, then, can it be? Surely not by Baldovinetti. Yet it certainly is Florentine, and my conclusion is that the painter of this marvellous profile was *aut Verrocchius aut discipulus*. B. Berenson.

POISONING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Paris, June 26, 1899.

The seventeenth century remains in our imagination as the culminating point of all the elegance and greatness of France. We call it *le grand siècle*, and Louis XIV. is *le grand roi*. If we would form a better opinion of our own time, in contrast with past ages, and see the shadows behind the glaring light of the seventeenth century, we can do no better than to read a work just published on the 'Drama of the Poisons,' by M. Funck-Brentano. This elaborate work is very fully documented, if I may be allowed to use a modern expression applied to all historical works which are considered worth reading. M. Funck-Brentano has plunged into the Archives of the Bastille in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, where all the papers concerning the "affaire" of the poisons are preserved; he has found in the Library of Rouen the papers concerning Le Voisin, one of the women who made a trade of furnishing poison. The trial of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who was one of the chief poisoners, is still remembered. Her rank has given her an historic notoriety; but she was only one among a number of men and women who used poison freely in the seventeenth century. There were regular associations of alchemists, magicians, sorcerers, poisoners. When the Lieutenant of Police, La Reynie, first penetrated this world of crime, he was so moved that he wrote: "Human life has become a matter of trade; poisoning is the great remedy in all family embarrassments; impiety, sacrilege, abominations are common practices in Paris, in the country, in the provinces."

The belief in sorcery was still popular in the seventeenth century. Jean Bodin, the illustrious author of 'Six Books on the Republic,' wrote a treatise called 'Demonomania, or a Treatise on Sorcerers.' His definition of the sorcerer is this: A person who, by diabolical and forbidden means, attempts to obtain something. "Sorcerers, men and women, formed a sort of vast association; they had traditional secrets, formulas, habits, ceremonies, generally of the most infamous, impious, and indecent character." They had their own mass, called the black mass. They were doctors and chemists. They revealed the future, they found hidden treasure; they were alchemists, and tried to discover the philosopher's stone for converting all metals into gold.

The woman called Le Voisin was a typical specimen of the sorceress of the seventeenth century, very different from the more ancient sorceress described by Michelet. She earned annually as much as 400,000 francs; she had many lovers, and gave dinners. Among her lovers was the executioner of Paris, André Guillaume, who beheaded Mme. de Brinvilliers. Le Voisin was a mere charlatan; she delivered her oracles to persons of all ranks in a splendid gown, and with a mantle covered with golden eagles. She was a real believer in alchemy. She was also a doctor, like all sorceresses, and had receipts for every malady. She was known to help abortive practices, and once, in a moment of sincerity, she confessed having burned or interred in her garden the bodies of more than 2,500 children, prematurely born. Curiously enough, she insisted upon these children being baptized. The crimes of this horrible creature were such that the Lieutenant of Police was appalled by the confession of them. One can easily imagine the stupor of Louis XIV. when they were revealed to him. A special commission was appointed to investigate what was called the affair of the poisons. This commission is known in history under the name of the "chambre ardente."

The arrests were made by *lettre de cachet*. Four hundred and forty-two persons appeared before the special commission, and two hundred and eighteen persons were kept in prison. Thirty-six prisoners were condemned to death and executed; five were condemned to the gallows, twenty-three were banished. The most guilty prisoners had accomplices in very high places. Madame de Dreux, the wife of a member of the Parlement, is a type of these accomplices. She was in love with M. de Richelieu, and em-

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ployed the services of one of the sorceresses brought before the *chambre ardente*. She wished to be relieved by poison of her own husband, and by sorcery of Madame de Richelieu. She was accused of having herself poisoned some people—one of her lovers among the number. She was a cousin of two members of the special commission, and she received a mere admonition. "M. de Dreux and his entire family," writes Madame de Sévigné, "went to get her at the Chambre de l'Arsenal. . . . It was a joy and a triumph, and she was embraced by all her family and friends. M. de Richelieu has done wonders in all this affair." What seems incredible is, that, after having left the prison of Vincennes, Madame de Dreux resorted again to a sorceress, named Joly, and got from her powders for poisoning a person whom M. de Richelieu "considered." "To be sure," says M. Funck-Brentano, "the woman Joly having been arrested and having made revelations, a new warrant was issued against Madame de Dreux; but she was advised of it and fled." Madame de Dreux was condemned to banishment, but the King allowed her to remain in France, on condition that she would live with her husband in Paris. The wife of President Laféron was also implicated in the trial; she got powders from the woman Le Voisin, and her husband died soon after. She too was condemned to banishment. Madame de Poulaillon was, by *lettre de cachet*, shut up in a house of detention, the Pénitentes of Angers.

The declarations of the venders of poison before the *chambre ardente* were of such gravity that Louis XIV. gave special orders that they should be kept secret. The name of Madame de Montespan, the King's favorite, was pronounced. Her ambition was extreme; she had made great efforts to supplant Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and by degrees had established her empire over the King. Her favor lasted fourteen years, and she had no less than seven children by Louis XIV., the eldest being the Duke du Maine; the eldest daughter, Mademoiselle de Nantes, married the Duc de Bourbon; another daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, married the Duke d'Orléans. Marguerite Le Voisin, the daughter, declared before the judges that Madame de Montespan paid frequent visits to her mother, whenever she feared a diminution of the King's good graces, and a rival; her mother then had recourse to some priests, who said special masses and gave her philters for the King, in the form of powders. When Marguerite Le Voisin made this deposition, her mother had been burned on the scaffold several months before.

Many historians have thought that if the sorceresses tried to compromise people in high positions, it was in the hope of saving their own lives; but Le Voisin never pronounced the name of Mme. de Montespan, perhaps because she feared the terrible punishment of the regicides. The relations of Mme. de Montespan with the sorceress seem to have begun in 1667, when the King first turned his eyes towards her.

"In 1667," writes M. Funck-Brentano, "we find her in the Rue de la Tannerie, in company with the magician Lesage and the Abbé Mariette, a priest of Saint-Sévérin. . . . In a little chamber stood an altar. Mariette, in sacerdotal vestments, pronounced incantations. Lesage sang the *Veni Creator*, then Mariette read a chapter of the Gospel over the head of Madame de Montespan kneeling before him, and recited conjurations against Louise de la Vallière. She said (the very words are found in one of the interrogatories of Lesage): 'I beg that the friendship of the King and of Monseigneur the Dauphin may be continued to me, that the Queen may be barren, that the King may leave his bed and his table for me, that I may obtain from him all that I ask for myself and my relations, . . . that I may be called to the councils of the King, and that, his friendship increasing still more, the King may leave La Vallière, and that, the Queen being repudiated, I may marry the King.' "

In 1688, Mariette and Lesage had the impudence to recommence their incantations at court, in the Château of St. Germain. It was in this very year that Madame de Montespan took the place of La Vallière; in 1669, she had the first of her seven children by Louis XIV. Mariette and Lesage had made the acquaintance of Madame de Montespan by means of Le Voisin, who several times gave powders to the favorite. She fell so low as to enter into communication also with a certain Abbé Guibourg, who said the black mass. The ceremony took place near Monthéry, in a house which still exists, called Villebousin. It is difficult to go into the details of this infamous black mass, and difficult to believe that Madame de Montespan took in it the part ascribed to her in some depositions. Can we believe that a second black mass was said for her at Saint-Denis, a third at Paris? We cannot forget that the evidence of such witnesses as appeared in the affair of the poisons had but little value; at the same time, there is some truth in the old proverb, "There is no fire without some smoke." It is certain, also, that at various times Madame de Montespan lost her hold on Louis XIV.; that the King had fits of devoutness, and was on the point of separating from her; that once a separation really took place for a month. Must we believe that Madame de Montespan, frantic with fear, full of superstitious notions, really addressed herself to criminal women like Le Voisin and others?

It is curious to follow in Madame de Sévigné's correspondence the ups and downs of the favor of Madame de Montespan, whom she calls *Quanto* or *Quantova;* and to compare her dates with the dates given in the trial of the poisons. In one letter she writes (September 2, 1676): "The vision of Madame de Soubise [for whom the King had a short caprice] has passed like lightning; everything is arranged. *Quanto*, the other day, at the play, had her head familiarly on the shoulder of her friend; this affection meant: 'I am better than ever.' " On the 11th of September things are changed. "Everybody believes that the star of Madame de Montespan is waning. There are tears, natural sorrows, affected gayeties; well, my dear, everything comes to an end; some tremble, the rest are glad; some desire immutability, the others a change in the play." The anxieties of Madame de Montespan became greater when she saw the King take a growing interest in Madame de Maintenon; the governess threatened to become the mistress. Were new black masses said at this juncture? Did Madame de Montespan, wounded in her pride and ambition, take diabolical means to get rid of a rival? The depositions of the Abbé Guibourg are truly terrible; but I must repeat that the testimony of such people as he can be accepted only with great hesitation.

Louis XIV. took the royal part in this terrible affair; he did not allow the mother of several of his children to be disgraced. He had much affection for these children, and gave them a sort of legitimacy. Without going into further details, I will only say that M. Funck-Brentano's book is well worth reading throughout. It throws a lurid light on the substructure of the splendid edifice of the most brilliant age of France.

Correspondence.

DEMOCRATIC AGITATION AGAINST TRUSTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your discussion of Prof. W. J. Ashley's suggestions for legally safe-guarding "just prices" and "reasonable wages" against the work of Trusts, you touch on the disposition of legislators to demand high wages for workingmen, and on the difficulty of marketing product at the prices which these wages make necessary. Might you not have said, much more generally, that there are the same objections to the present agitation against Trusts as to protectionism? Before the Trust question can come to a vote by the whole American people it must be recognized that, on very important points, the current denunciation of the Trust system clashes with the ancient Democratic faith. We who have held out for cheapness of the necessaries of life, can we be heard to complain of the Trusts that they have cut out redundant expenses of production, or that they have shut down ill-conditioned enterprises which never could have lived but for the bonus protection gave them?

Whether the Trusts can compensate the public for the destruction of industrial independence and its brood of virtues; whether, in the nature of things, the Trust tends more to the effacement of the individual than does the ordinary corporation; what protection "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" must have against consolidated industry—these inquiries, comprised in the social side of the Trust question, are tremendously important; but they are quite distinct from that economic side of the question about which Democrats (if they follow the present recognized spokesmen of their party) and other believers in free trade may well be brought into confusion.

Benj. Carter.

Washington, D. C., July 17, 1899.

KEEPING OUR OWN DOOR CLEAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What a prophet Emerson would be were he only living in this age, when individual self-assertion seems to be weakening in the knees. These words were true in 1865; they are true to-day. Says he, in 'Social Aims':

"The young men in America at this moment take little thought of what men in England are thinking or doing. This is the point which decides the welfare of a people; *which way does it look?* If to any other people, it is not well with them. If occupied in its own affairs and thoughts and men, with a heat which excludes almost the notice of any other people, ... they are sublime; and we know that in this abstraction they are executing excellent work. Amidst the calamities which war has brought on our country, this one benefit has accrued —that our eyes are withdrawn

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land, withdrawn from France, and look homeward. We have come to feel that 'by ourselves our safety must be bought'; to know the vast resources of the continent, the good will that is in the people, their conviction of the great moral advantages of freedom, social equality, education, and religious culture, and the determination to hold these fast, and, by them, to hold fast the country and penetrate every square mile of it with this American civilization."

Yours truly, GEORGE L. REES.

4116 BALTIMORE AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA, July 11, 1899.

RUSKIN AND MILLAIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's 'Preraphaelitism' in the *Nation* of June 8, headed "A New Light on Ruskin," occurs the following passage, apropos of Ruskin's alleged public ignoring of Ford Madox Brown: "Add to this the other *known* fact [the italics are mine] that Ruskin could never see any merit in the work of Millais after their personal quarrel, and we are led to think that while he was right in thinking himself '*very* resentful,' he was singularly wrong in considering himself 'just.'"

Will you allow me in fairness to place before your readers the following known facts which tell the other way?

In 'The Art of England' (1883) Ruskin speaks of Millais's "Caller Herrin" as "that most noble picture of Millais, a picture which, as a piece of art, I should myself put highest of all yet produced by the Pre-Raphaelite School." And, in a small octavo pamphlet, entitled 'Notes on the Principal Pictures of Sir John Everett Millais, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1886, with original and selected criticisms by John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D.' (William Reeves, 185 Fleet Street, E.C.), there are, in addition to the quotations of Ruskin's earlier criticisms, a series of occasional notes, in small capitals, signed "J. R., 1886," at the foot of the pages on which the titles of the pictures referred to appear. Among these are the following:

"The North-West Passage" (1874): "I have not seen this picture, but it must be a glorious one, judging merely from the coloured print."

"For the Squire" (1882): "One of the most deep and pathetic renderings of expression among the painter's great work of this kind."

"The Ornithologist" (1885): "I have never seen any work of modern art with more delight and admiration than this."

And the catalogue concludes with the following sentence:

"Looking back now on the painter's career, crowned as it has lately been by some of the best pieces of free-hand painting in the world, I am disposed to regret his never having given expression to his power of animal painting, wholly unrivalled in its kind, than any of the shortcomings of his actual work. J. R., 1886."

Trusting I have said enough to somewhat modify this "New" light which ever beats about the throne of genius,

I am, sir, yours obediently,

JAMES TROTTER.

CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N. W., June 30, 1899.

[There is an obvious hiatus in the last of the above extracts, but we cannot lay our hands on the volume from which it is taken.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

'Pupils of Peter the Great,' by R. Nisbet Bain; 'Napoleon's Invasion of Russia,' by Hereford B. George; 'With Nansen in the North,' by Lieut. Hjalmar Johansen; and 'Gypsy Folk Tales,' by Francis H. Groome, are in the press of the New Amsterdam Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will shortly publish 'Robert Raikes: The Man and his Work,' namely, the founding of the Sunday-school in the last century. Dean Farrar supplies an introduction.

Ginn & Co. have in preparation 'Twelve English Poets,' condensed biographies, by Blanche Wilder Bellamy.

Almost ready is 'The United States Army and Navy, 1776-1899,' told for the former section by Lieut.-Col. A. L. Wagner, U. S. A., and for the latter by Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., and published by the Werner Co., Akron, O. There will be nearly fifty illustrations.

'Our Conquests in the Pacific' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) consists of Oscar King Davis's special correspondence from Manila to the New York *Sun*. It is written in choice journalese, and with small regard to the difference between the "reporter" and the historian, but it has a measurable value among the documents of the war. The illustrations are very good.

Another chronicle of a newspaper correspondent is 'Kuba und der Krieg' (New York: Charles Wildermann), by Joseph Herrings, who went out to the island for the New York *Staatszeitung*, and here republishes his letters with some revision. His special claim to consideration is, that he was the only German correspondent who participated in the Santiago campaign from beginning to end. He does not confine himself to his observations, witness his chapter on Weyler's reign of terror. There are numerous pen-and-ink sketches in the body of the text, which will serve.

Helene Richter's 'Percy Bysshe Shelley,' a volume of 640 pages, recently issued by Emil Felber in Weimar, is by far the best life of the English poet in the German language. It is no mere compilation from other works on the subject, but is based throughout on a careful and critical study of original sources. Even those who are familiar with the standard biographies and literary histories by Dowden, Gosse, Saintsbury, Todhunter, Brandes, and Engel, will find new points of view in this book, and may have their opinions considerably modified by reading it. The influences of the poet's domestic, social, and intellectual environment on the early development of his character, and thus in some degree on the predetermination of his career, are clearly traced. The result is a finished portrait of the "Real Shelley."

The Prussian "Pedagogical Society" has just published some interesting statistics showing that the provinces in which the law compelling all children to attend the public schools is most rigidly enforced, have the smallest percentage of criminals. Thus, in West Prussia, there are 1,926 criminals to 100,000 inhabitants, but in Hohenzollern only 751. The statistics also show that the improvement of the schools and greater strictness in obligatory attendance have everywhere been followed by a perceptible diminution of crime.

For a long time Swiss parents have carried on a system of intercantonal interchange of children during the summer vacations for educational purposes. Thus, a family in Lucerne would send their children to Lausanne or Lugano and receive in return children of a family in one of those places. By this arrangement the children would acquire in a short time a practical knowledge of German, French, and Italian. It is now proposed to extend this plan, which has worked so well in trilingual Switzerland, to the principal countries of Europe, and especially to England, France, and Germany. By this method the children will easily learn not only to speak foreign languages, but also to form a more just estimate of foreign peoples. Curiously enough, this larger movement appears to have originated in Denmark.

A very interesting collection of Arabic proverbs, 205 in all, collected by L. Bauer, a resident of Jerusalem, is published in the latest number of the *Zeitschrift des Deutschen Palaestina-Vereins* (vol. xxi., p. 129). It is not the first of the kind printed in this journal, which, in the course of its 19th volume, published a fine list from the pen of the daughter of the famous architect, Conrad Schick, for fifty years the leading archæological authority in the city of Jerusalem. But Bauer's list is entirely new material gathered by himself from the lips of the people in Jerusalem and Palestine in general, and shows that not a few excellent proverbs, sayings, etc., have escaped previous collectors. The list contains quite a number that reproduce in modern shape some of the proverbial sayings found in the Scriptures, sometimes, too, almost in the words of the sacred writers; but the bulk consists of the practical wisdom of these people, put usually in metrical or alliterative form, and many of them agreeing in sentiment with the proverbs and sayings of modern and other ancient nations. In this respect the collection contains some good material for comparative ethnological study. Probably one-half or even a larger percentage could be paralleled, if not in English alone, in modern tongues in general. Bauer has published also the transliteration of the Arabic, and thus enables the non-Arabist in a measure to feel the beauty of form that characterizes this proverbial wisdom in the original.

Mr. D. C. Heath, the well-known Boston publisher, has lately acquired the library of children's books and educational works issued by Newbery in London from 1740 to 1800, and brought together by Mr. Charles Welsh when he was writing the biography of John Newbery, founder of the famous publishing-house which, for nearly 150 years, was at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard, London. Besides a number of chapbooks for children, several battledores (the successors of the horn-books), some rare primers, a thoroughly representative collection of fiction for children and of early toy books, there are in the collection first editions of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Traveller,' and 'The Deserted Village,' and of other works by Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson.

The special feature of the Boston Public Library Bulletin for July is a list of some 100 books and magazine articles on the Dreyfus affair. They are all in French and English, with the exception of a single German romance.

The Nicaragua Canal route is the principal subject of the *National Geographic*

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Magazine (Washington) for July. The geologic history of the region is told by C. W. Hayes, one phase of which is that probably "during early Tertiary time the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific had free intercommunication across this portion of the isthmus." A popular account of Nicaragua and the different isthmian routes projected during the last fifty years is given by A. P. Davis, with some important facts in regard to the hydrography of the region. There are several interesting illustrations and two useful maps.

The Russian petroleum trade in 1898 is the first subject treated in the Consular Reports for June, especial attention being given to the residuum or oil fuel, the consumption and price of which increased over the previous year. Notwithstanding an increase of output of all products at Baku of about 200,000,000 gallons in a total of nearly 2,000,000,000, the average daily output per well has fallen from 225 gallons in 1896 to 199 in 1898, which would apparently indicate a permanent weakening of the wells. There is a short account of commercial education in Antwerp, one feature of which is the bestowal of ten travelling scholarships of three years' duration with an annual income of $1,000; a list of the kind of goods most in demand in the Philippines; and considerable information in regard to the tea-trade of Formosa.

Railroad building is being pushed with great activity in nearly all parts of the Russian empire. 1,500 miles of road were completed last year, and there are 7,000 miles in process of construction, while the building of 2,000 miles more has recently been authorized. Among the important cities already or soon to be reached by the locomotive are Archangel, Kars on the Transcaucasian line, Tashkent on the Transcaspian, and Irkutsk on the Trans-Siberian line.

An important railway project, both from a commercial and a political point of view, is the continuation of the Anatolian Railway from Angora via Diarbekr and Mosul to Bagdad. The necessary capital is to be furnished by Germans through an arrangement recently concluded between the Deutsche and Ottoman Banks. The country which would be opened up is rich in natural resources, and most of it was formerly densely populated. Russia, however, officially objects to this route because it comes so near to the frontier and the Russian sphere of interest. This seems to be factious, as the distance to the frontier is about 200 miles; but there can be little doubt that much trade would be diverted from Russia to Germany, and German interests would become paramount in a region where Russia has hitherto been without a rival.

The popular interest of Germans in schemes for imperial expansion was still further shown at the recent meeting of the Colonial Society at Berlin. This society, numbering 30,000 members, publishes a journal, arranges lectures, gives information to emigrants, subscribes towards the cost of commercial and mining expeditions, offers prizes to colonial planters, etc. Among its expenses for last year are grants towards the transport of a steamer to Lake Tanganyika, the German School at Apia, the publication of works on New Guinea, various periodicals, and to individual students of African and Australasian languages. It has also had considerable success in finding wives for German settlers in southwest Africa and elsewhere. The prominent subjects discussed at the meeting in question was the construction of a railway through German East Africa from the coast to the lakes, an expedition to Lake Chad from Cameroon, and the German regulation of the river Hoang-ho.

The development of their colonial possessions is a subject which is now engaging the attention of many intelligent Frenchmen. One of the latest manifestations of this is the formation of a Ligue Coloniale de la Jeunesse, which has for its object "the familiarizing its members with the study of colonial questions by means of lectures and the formation of a library." A department of colonial agriculture has been added to the National College of Agriculture at Montpellier, and the League hopes to found a travelling scholarship in connection with it, as well as to aid the graduates in finding situations in the colonies.

—Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill's new venture, 'The Anglo-Saxon Review: A Quarterly Miscellany' (John Lane), is appropriately named, considering the Anglo-American alliance symbolized by the editor; and the main title would have been very taking for a real review. But "Miscellany" it is, rather than Review, even if we find in the contents a paper on "Wireless Telegraphy," by Prof. Oliver Lodge; another, on "Some Consequences of the Last Treaty of Paris," by Whitelaw Reid; a third, on "The Sudan," by Sir Rudolf Slatin, etc. A short story, "The Great Condition," by Henry James, is followed by a sketch of the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by Elizabeth Robins; and this concludes the cisatlantic collaboration. The Miscellany, Annual, Keepsake, or Friendship's Garland of other days appears in sundry portraits, as of Lady Mary above; of Sir Robert Peel, to whom Lord Rosebery devotes the most solid article; of the Queen (Onslow Ford's bust); of Washington (Stuart's full-length); of Anne of Austria, the Countess of Pembroke, the Duchess of Devonshire, by Rubens, Marc Gheeraerts, and Reynolds respectively. The luxurious quality of paper and print offers another feature of resemblance to the Keepsake, and finally the volume is bound and very elegantly stamped with a design borrowed from a copy of André Thevet's 'Les Vrais Pourtraits' (Paris, 1584), formerly in the possession of James I., as Mr. Cyril Davenport, F.S.A., explains. This binding will not be repeated, so that each number of the 'Review' will have its own character externally. The total product is evidently for the élite; and while a portion of it furnishes food for thought and possibly for comment, the 'Review' altogether is bibliographical bric-à-brac, and calls for description rather than criticism. As bookmaking, it can be praised without reserve.

—A slight examination of 'Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Living Men and Women of the United States, 1899-1900' (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.) shows that it is in good hands. The editor is John W. Leonard, and his preface must conciliate every right-minded reader. The work is patterned after the English exemplar bearing the same title ('Who's Who'), but with retrenchment in two particulars: no mention is made of club membership, or of "recreations" or avocations, curious and interesting as these are in the English work, and likely to have a practical use for purveyors for special tastes. The address, however, is given wherever possible, or in the vast majority of cases; and this feature is one of the strongest recommendations of 'Who's Who,' English and American alike. The inclusiveness of the dictionary is the first thing to be challenged, and here we have some arbitrary *ex-officio* admissions—Congressmen, Governors, United States Judges, National Academicians, heads of universities and colleges, etc.; all praiseworthy. Moreover, "special effort has been made to include all living American authors of books of more than ephemeral value," and if one observes marked differences in the length of the very condensed notices, ten to one it is because of the bibliography. A proper latitude has been displayed in making up a company which could not be expected to be on one level of talent or character, and few will question Croker's title to a place beside Dr. Parkhurst, Grover Cleveland, and Carl Schurz, for example. The editor amusingly relates his trials in trying to keep out the insignificant or the merely promising, and especially those who wished to buy their way in. No one will accuse him or his publishers of having yielded to this temptation. In a list of thirty names chosen at random we have found but four not represented, and, of these, two at least may have declined to be taken in, while the merit of a third, though real, is inconspicuous. The accuracy of the biographical sketches (mostly autobiographical) is, so far as we have tested it, admirable. Quite exceptional is such a deformation (under W. J. Stillman) as "Francisco Criski" for Francesco Crispi. There are some cross-references from maiden to married name and from pseudonym to true name. Very interesting are the preliminary statistics as to sectional origin of the 8,602 men and women, more than 20 per cent. being natives of New England. A necrology, from January 1, 1895, will also be found very convenient.

—'From Cromwell to Wellington: Twelve Soldiers' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a volume of biographical sketches written for popular use by men who have received a Staff College training. The editor, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, has in one or two cases acted as the collaborator of his contributors, but ordinarily the authors are past or active officers of the British army. We give the list of subjects in full: Cromwell, Marlborough, Peterborough, Wolfe, Clive, Coot, Heathfield, Abercromby, Lake, Baird, Moore, Wellington. A superficial analysis of these names shows that a large proportion of the generals in question gained distinction in India, while almost all of them were at one time or another engaged against the French. A valuable feature of the book—indeed, the feature which is most likely to attract wide notice—is an introduction by Lord Roberts, containing brief appreciations of the leading commanders dealt with in the body of the work. Cromwell and Marlborough are particularly singled out by him for praise and illustration, though most of the others receive a word of comment. Lord Roberts also has something to say on each of several topics connected with the art of war, *e. g.*, the advantage of fortified lines and fortified towns, the necessity of most careful equipment, the influence of sea-power on military history, the organic connection between army and navy, and the typical characteristics of a good general. He ascribes to the success-

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ful fighter exactly those qualities which win success in other occupations. "In addition to military knowledge and experience, there must be good judgment, sound common sense, tenacity of purpose, quickness of perception, promptitude of decision, and, above all, an infinite capacity for taking pains. . . . The officer who is fortunate enough to be intrusted with a command in the field should be prepared at all points and ready to face all contingencies. He should follow Cæsar's example, of whom Lucan wrote: 'Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.'" These words from a mere writer of books might seem commonplace, but with "Roberts, F.M.," *after them, they represent* mature conviction and wide experience. The several essays have been carefully prepared, and the book puts professional criticism at the service of a public which usually goes to civilians for its knowledge of military operations.

—We described last week a simple but beautiful device in which all the colors of the rainbow (and hence all the colors of a natural scene) are produced for the eye of the observer out of a screen of glass on which there is no trace of color printed, but only groups of lines, of three different degrees of fineness to correspond to the three physical constituents of white and colored lights (physical, because physiologically the fundamental color sensations are *four* in number). Another device has lately been put on the market which is in some sense the reverse of this: a picture which is printed in bright red and green is looked at through a pair of spectacles consisting of a plain piece of red glass for one eye and of green glass for the other. To the surprise of the observer, all color disappears, and the scene is shown in plain black and white, but with the perfect effect of stereoscopic relief. The explanation is plainly this: the two halves of an *ordinary stereoscopic picture*, instead of being brought into approximate coincidence by means of lenses, are printed nearly overlapping each other, but one in red ink and the other in green. Through the red glass of the spectacles the green picture becomes sharply black, and the red picture becomes so faint as to be overlooked in comparison; so through the green glass the closely contiguous red picture is black, and the other is inconspicuous. The result is the same as if the right eye looked a little more around to the right of the objects represented, and the left eye a little more around to the left of them; but this is exactly what constitutes the vision of solidity in real life, and the poor eyes, knowing no better, think that they have before them a scene in three dimensions. The ordinary stereoscope is a clumsy affair, and besides one has got tired of it; this process, in which the observer has nothing to do but to put on his red and green glasses, ought to have an important future before it. It is quite conceivable that it should lend itself to the purposes of serious art in a way in which the other method (it is hard to say why) has never done. As a means for the representation of solid diagrams for the purposes of scientific illustration, it cannot fail to be very useful. The method lends itself perfectly, of course, to the representation of pictures in the solid for a large audience, and in fact it is in this form that it has been utilized already for some time in Germany.

—'Finland's Rights and the Czar's Manifesto of February 15, 1899,' is the title of a timely pamphlet just published at Helsingfors in Finnish and Russian, giving a succinct history of the political constitution of Finland since its incorporation into Russia after the peace of Frederikshamn in 1809, and the several crises through which it has passed during the present century. Every Czar, from Alexander I. to Nicholas II., has, on his accession to the throne, sworn to uphold the constitution of Finland, and as yet not one of them has violated his oath. But there has always been at the Russian court a crafty and unscrupulous clique of reactionists, who have endeavored to deprive the Finns of *their political rights and privileges* under the pretext of making the whole empire homogeneous in its organization and institutions. One would suppose that this process of "benevolent assimilation" might be accomplished most easily and effectually by granting a constitution to Russia instead of subverting that of Finland. Such a change, however, would have defeated the real purpose of the "imperialistic" cabal. Although Alexander I. and Nicholas I. were wholly different in character as individuals and sovereigns, they pursued the same just policy towards Finland, whose constitution they recognized as the fundamental law of the land. When the latter succeeded to the throne in December, 1825, he was urged to withhold this recognition, but indignantly rejected the evil counsel. Two years later the Governor of Finland, Zakrewski, on account of some illegal act which he had committed, came into collision with the local authorities, and in the heat of the ensuing controversy exclaimed: "I am your law." Nicholas I. rebuked him for this arrogant assumption, and uttered the words, which Nicholas II. should heed: "No, not even I, the Czar, am Finland's law." As regards the manifesto issued by the present Czar, it not only imposes heavier military burdens on the Finns, but also does so without the consent of the Diet and therefore in direct violation of the constitution of Finland. Against this measure the Diet, in a recent session, has firmly protested.

—The general statistics of Social Democracy have lately been compiled and published by Dr. Lung, a prominent representative and agitator in Denmark. In his own land he credits this party with 90,000 adherents, while in Norway the political organization reports 11,600 members, and in Sweden the party societies have 40,000 followers, and the workingmen's societies, holding Socialistic principles, 60,000. In England the political organizations have a membership of about 25,000, and the trades-unions 1,600,000, not all of whom, however, can be regarded as Social Democratic votes. In 1898 Belgium reported 534,000 votes, and France, in the same year, reported 1,000,000 for the four Socialistic schools. In Austria, under the new law, some 500,000 Social Democratic votes were cast, and in Hungary, where labor organizations of a political character are forbidden, the membership of the party is computed at 200,000. In Italy, in the elections of 1897, the number of votes cast was 137,000, and in Switzerland 55,000. Spain, in 1898, gave 20,000, and Holland 15,000 votes to this party. In Germany the party is the strongest, the votes at the last Parliamentary elections being 2,107,000. In the course of a very thoughtful article in the *Christliche Welt* (No. 22) of Leipzig, a leading and influential organ of advanced religious and ethical thought in Germany, a well-known authority on Social problems, Paul Göhre, who has made a practical study of the problem by living and laboring with his own hands for months among the workingmen, discusses the remarkable progress which the peace idea has made in Germany in recent decades, notwithstanding the militarism in official circles; and among the factors which have contributed most towards this end, he counts Social Democracy, thus assigning to this agitation a mission in modern civilization rarely accorded to it. After speaking of the Czar's project and ideal, he adds: "But still more powerful in this direction has been the *Czar's most bitter enemy, namely, the Social* Democracy of Germany. This party in 1898 cast about 2,500,000 votes, and accordingly has between four and five million adherents in Germany alone. And these four or five million the party has made into unconditional enemies of war and adherents of peace."

WISE OF VIRGINIA.

The Life of Henry A. Wise of Virginia: 1806-1876. By his grandson, the late Barton H. Wise. Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xiii, 434.

Governor Wise was a picturesque figure in the politics of the country from Jackson's second term to the outbreak of the civil war. Lank and thin, with deep-set, piercing eyes, low, broad forehead, light hair worn long behind the ears, a large mouth, with thin lips and square chin, careless in attire, an inveterate tobacco-chewer, chewing faster as he got excited with speaking, bold of speech, blurting out the passing thought or feeling with little reference to conventionalities, he was a typical example of the Southern politician of that generation as people knew him in the cartoons of the time. But he had intellectual qualities which sustained and justified the interest his personal appearance excited. With remarkable fluency of speech, his ideas were always striking and apt to be novel. His standpoint was always his own, his opinions independent, his utterance of them trenchant and even fierce, though often enlivened by a native humor and a keen wit. His resonant voice was equal to the demands of the greatest crowds in the open air, and to the habit of talking by the half-day and renewing the speech after dinner.

He was a native of the "Eastern Shore" in Virginia, and, in his congressional career, "Wise of Accomack" represented that sandy peninsula between the ocean and the Chesapeake, peopled by small farmers and oystermen, whose luxuries were the canvasback ducks and "tarrapin" that abounded in the tide-water creeks. A few parsons, doctors, and attorneys were the leaders of the community, and the petty disputes of such a people were the material on which the young lawyer practised his logic and his wit, and plumed his wings for the higher flights from the stump which were to carry him into the national arena at Washington.

After graduating at Washington College in western Pennsylvania, he studied law under Judge Tucker of Winchester in the Shenandoah valley, and, except a brief experiment in Tennessee, his home, during all his congressional career, was on the "bay side" of the peninsula. He was in an uncommonly complete sense the product of his native province, in its virtues and its weak-

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nesses. His domestic life was pure and happy, and he was always frank in confessing the good influence of the womanly refinement and piety which presided there. He avoided intemperance and gambling.

He was a slaveholder, though slaves were comparatively few about him, and the few had a comparatively easy time in the small farming of the region. He adopted, however, the cardinal principle of the slaveholder's creed, that, slaves being property, any restriction which was not applied to all other property, everywhere, was a wrong against the South. The Missouri Compromise was such a wrong. The exclusion of slavery from the Territories was such a denial of Southern rights as to justify revolution. The anti-slavery movement was an impudent and senseless fanaticism. With his fashion of extreme statement, his gift of trenchant sarcasm, and habit of fierce denunciation, he became a recognized champion of the system of slavery, and was looked upon at the North as the Hotspur of the fire-eaters.

Wise's relations as Governor to John Brown's invasion of Virginia and to Brown's execution made him, to Northern men, the embodiment of the Southern idea in 1859 and 1860, almost as fully and typically as Jefferson Davis was during the civil war. The quality of Brown's act which filled the imagination of Northern men was the heroic self-sacrifice for the enfranchisement of the slave. The total inadequacy of means to the end, the misjudgment of all probabilities, the illusions amounting to insanity, were all overshadowed by the sublimity of the man's devotion to the most unselfish of purposes. To Wise, as the representative Southern man, Brown was the incarnation of aggressive abolitionism, and his raid the manifest demonstration of Northern hostility upon which years had been spent in Southern declamation. If there were illusions on both sides, there were also curious foreshadowings of the real struggle and its influences on the combatants. In the presence of Brown's patience under his wounds and physical suffering, the glib denunciation we had been so familiar with in Wise's speeches disappeared, and he stood in sympathetic respect by the pallet of his prisoner, questioning him with the courtesy due to a recognized peer and no vulgar outlaw. In Brown's amazing self-control, his unfaltering purpose, his cool courage, his independence of factitious excitement or nervous exaltation, there was the premonition of the qualities of the Northern soldiery, which, when marshalled into armies under leaders worthy of the host, were to shatter the vain dreams of easy Southern victory. It is no slight evidence of Wise's real manhood that, when he came face to face with such an opponent, he anticipated the simplicity of demeanor, the absence of false pride and pretence, the frank cordiality, and the honest respect and confidence which marked the meetings of Grant and Lee, Johnston and Sherman, six years later when the great struggle had been fought out.

Wise always denied that he was a secessionist, and advocated fighting within the Union, in the last resort, by the right of revolution against what, from his ultra views of slavery, he declared would be an intolerable oppression—*i. e.*, the enforcement of the Republican doctrine that there should be no more new slave States. In short, it was the old doctrine of nullification of obnoxious laws by force, with the limitation that it should not be invoked as a remedy except in the extreme case of the invasion of fundamental and essential rights of a State or section.

His refinement of doctrine was too subtle for most Virginians, and when the Confederacy was organized and made overt war on the national forts, he joined the secession party because the Government met war with war. It is even said that he contrived and directed a military raid upon Harper's Ferry armory and arsenal, without any pretence of lawful authority, and avowedly for the purpose of routing the Union members of the State convention by the uncontrollable excitement following the renewal of Patrick Henry's famous cry, "Our brethren are already in the field." His political and personal prominence brought him a commission as Brigadier-General in the Southern army, but, despite his energy and personal courage, his impatience of true military subordination and his combativeness for his opinions prevented him from achieving any great results. He was, besides, too old to learn a new business requiring special adaptation for any real success in it. He proved his willingness to pay with his person for the advocacy of war; but, for influence upon the progress of events, he probably might better have continued in civil life, where he was an acknowledged leader.

When failure and surrender came, he was depressed and saddened beyond real recovery at the failure of the revolution he had greatly helped to begin; but he soon saw and frankly declared that the end of slavery would prove a providential blessing to the South. At the beginning of 1866, in a letter to Fernando Wood, he said: "The main difference, that of slavery, has been determined for ever *vi concitata belli*. I am convinced that it could never have been settled in any other way, and that for that reason the war itself was providential; it was God's war, and who on earth dares gainsay it?" (p. 385). Again, six years later, he wrote to a friend, expressing his gratitude to the colored people for quiet orderliness during the war, and adding, "I would not enslave them or their children again if I could, and I could not if I would. I therefore heartily adopt as well as acquiesce in the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States" (p. 396). Such words may well be inscribed over against the denunciations of Garrison and Quincy Adams he had uttered in the fierce controversy of his earlier years, as proof how great a revolution the armed conflict of the war made in opinion and feeling as well as in power.

His oratorical gift, by which he had led his people, had a good deal of genuine feeling, of imagination and fancy, and a natural taste for orotund phrases and balanced sentences. His facundity showed itself in his varied forms of setting the same thought, turning it over and over with new verbiage, till he was sure it had made its full impression on his auditors, who had learned to enjoy and admire his fluency. He preferred to appeal to the nobler motives, and there was rarely anything low in his speeches, though he often clinched the effect of a half-poetic passage by some homely comparison which would relieve the attention and bring his hearers into rapport with him by a hearty laugh. It is hard to show the character of such speaking by a brief quotation, but one may get a tolerably fair idea of his manner from the following passage from a campaign speech in 1855, in which he was calling his people away from the seductions of the "Know-Nothings," by offering the better issue of internal improvements and the development of commerce, mining, and manufactures, reproaching Virginians for their unthrifty reliance upon poor farming alone. If he had marked the effect of slavery in this, the lesson would have been complete.

"On Chesapeake Bay, from the mouth of the Rappahannock to the capes of the Chesapeake, you have roadsteads and harbors sufficient to float the navies of the world. From the River of Swans, on whose margin we are, down to the line of North Carolina, you have the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Piankatank, from Mobjack Bay to James River and the Elizabeth River—all meeting in the most beautiful sheet of water of all the seas of the earth. You have the bowels of your western mountains rich in iron, in copper, in coal, in salt, in gypsum, and the very earth is rich in oil which makes the rivers inflame. You have the line of the Alleghany, that beautiful blue ridge which stands, placed there by the Almighty, not to obstruct the way of the people to market, but placed there in the very bounty of Providence to milk the clouds, to make the sweet springs which are the sources of your rivers. And at the head of every stream is the waterfall murmuring the music of your power. And yet commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from you; you have not as yet dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths; you have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in the iron foundries. You have not yet spun more than the coarse cotton to clothe your own slaves. You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufacturers; you have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and such agriculture! Your sedge patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has scarred the very bosom of mother earth. Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have had to chase the stump-tailed steer through the sedge patches to procure a tough beefsteak."

Mr. Barton Haxall Wise, the biographer, was a young man, full of promise, who made his grandfather's life a study of filial devotion, and died with the first proof-sheets of the book upon his table. His temperate judgments, his calm discriminations, his control of family pride, his broad political views, his literary instincts and happy power of expression, are remarkable in a young man's first and sole literary venture of importance. He has reared an honorable monument to himself as well as to his progenitor. These circumstances make us indebted to his uncle John S. Wise for an introductory sketch of the author, full of interest as well as of affectionate and appreciative feeling.

VONDEL'S LUCIFER.

Vondel's Lucifer. Translated from the Dutch by Leonard Charles van Noppen. New York: Continental Publishing Co.

Dutch literature has always been strangely neglected in England and America. Few scholars have concerned themselves with it, and even the untiring pen of the professional translator has—except for a few novels—left it undisturbed. If proof were needed for what everybody acknowledges, a single piece of evidence would suffice: Mr. van Noppen's translation of 'Lucifer' is the first English version of any of Vondel's dramas or longer poems. The fact is sufficiently curious, however one looks at it; for the 'Lucifer' is not only the supreme masterpiece of Dutch poetry, but is beyond question one of

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the very great things in the universal literature of the last three centuries. Almost incredibly strange, however, is such neglect of this particular piece when one remembers how much it has been talked about of late years as the possible source of 'Paradise Lost,' or, at all events, as a work well known to Milton and systematically ransacked by him for its stores of thought and imagery.

Upon the intricacies of the "Milton-Vondel debate" we have no intention of entering at this time. Too much and too little has already been written on this interesting but not very important question; too much, if one has regard to the narrow range which the discussion has taken and the fallacies that have attended it; too little, in view of the crying need of a thorough examination of the Biblical epic material before Milton. Such an examination would, beyond a doubt, result in the cancellation of most of the parallels between the Dutch and the English poet which the partisan zeal of Mr. Edmundson has accumulated. Meantime, it is to be hoped that every student of Milton will read Mr. van Noppen's 'Lucifer,' and so convince himself that the differences between the Dutch drama and the English epic are fundamental in plan, conception, and conduct. The wonder is, indeed, not that we may detect a resemblance here and there, but that—given an identical body of Scriptural and patristic material—two great poems so very dissimilar should have been produced at nearly the same moment. That Milton had some acquaintance with Vondel's tragedy is not improbable. That it was in any sense a controlling influence in the composition of the 'Paradise Lost' we find it impossible to believe. On this point we are glad to be at one with so ardent a Vondelian as Mr. van Noppen himself, who is convinced "that a critical and impartial comparison of the two masterpieces will neither detract from the glory of Milton nor dim the grandeur of Vondel." Be that as it may, the real interest which attaches to the great Dutch drama is independent of all such questions. Whether it is studied as a work of art or as an expression of national life and character in a fervid time, it will be found equally absorbing and impressive.

The controlling motive of the tragedy is the wounded pride of Lucifer. It is not mere ambition that leads him to revolt. It is his knowledge of the Creation, and of the ultimate destiny of the Son of Man:

> "God hath decreed,
> Even from eternity, that man shall high
> Exalted be, even o'er the angel world.
> Ye shall behold the eternal Word above,
> When clad in flesh and bone, anointed Lord
> And Chief and Judge, mete justice to the hosts
> Of spirits, to angels and to men alike,
> From His high seat, in His unshadowed realm."

Nor is his feeling merely that of unworthy envy. He tries to believe—he even succeeds in persuading himself—that in this proposed exaltation of humanity God is disgracing the angels and proving false to the divine nature. Thus the revolt in heaven commands, in some measure, our sympathy, as the almost sincere, though infatuated, assertion of a mistaken principle of loyalty to an ill-conceived ideal. The character of Lucifer is further complicated by a kind of weakness quite consistent with his position as a tragic hero. Like Macbeth, he needs a tempter, and this rôle is played by Belzebub, without the influence of whose subtle and disaffected nature one feels that the decisive step might not have been taken after all. Hence the fourth act, which is mostly occupied with Rafael's sublimely futile attempt to win Lucifer to repent before it is too late, has all the suspense of a mighty crisis, despite our knowledge of what is to come. It may well be doubted if the intensity of this moment is surpassed by anything in 'Paradise Lost.'

With the beginning of the fifth act, however, the hand of the artist begins to falter. The 'Lucifer,' we must remember, was meant for the stage, and indeed had actually been twice performed before the clergy succeeded in suppressing it. Stage battles are never impressive, and, in the present case, a *coram populo* presentation of the strife in heaven would have been wildly impossible. Hence the poet was forced to confine himself to narrative declamation. But this is not all. The act falls into two distinct parts. In the first, Uriel describes the triumph of Michael over the host of Lucifer; in the second, the Temptation, and the Fall of Man, are reported by Gabriel, and the whole ends with a choral prophecy of the "Seed of the woman that shall bruise the Serpent's head." The interest of the act is divided; essential unity is sacrificed to the formal unities and to the exigencies of the theatre. The poet attempted the impossible, and failed. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis!*

We must turn from the drama itself to Mr. van Noppen's version. Vondel is not an easy author to translate. His vocabulary is rich and varied, and his command of metre is no less extraordinary than his diction. The dialogue of the tragedy is in rhyming Alexandrines, and the choral songs move in complex lyric measures. To reproduce the precise effect in English is quite impossible; to approximate it would tax the powers or a great poet. Yet, despite these difficulties, Mr. van Noppen has produced something more than a merely creditable version. He has succeeded—we scarcely know how—in giving a pretty good idea of the power and beauty of the original. Wisely refusing to essay the English Alexandrine, he has put the body of the play into respectable blank verse. At its best, this is correct, and not unmusical, as in the following extract:

> "Yea, e'er we yield, these empyrean vaults,
> Proud in their towering masonry, shall burst
> With all their airy arches and dissolve
> Before our eyes; this huge and joint-racked Earth,
> Like a misshapen monster, lifeless lie;
> This wondrous universe to chaos fall,
> And to its primal desolation change.
> Who dares, who dares defy great Lucifer?"

At its worst, to be sure, Mr. van Noppen's verses are pretty bad:

> " 'O Adam,' thunders God, 'where art thou hid?'
> 'Forgive me, Lord; I flee thy countenance,
> Naked and all ashamed.' 'Who taught thee thus,'
> Asks God, 'thy shame and nakedness to know?
> Didst dare profane thy lips with the forbidden
> Fruit?' 'Aye, my bride, my wife, alas! did tempt.'
> She says, 'The wily Serpent hath deceived
> Me with this lure.' Thus each the charge denies
> Of being the cause of their sad wretchedness."

Such verses as these remind us of the mock-Wordsworthian, "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," but luckily there are not so very many of them. In the choruses the translator has adhered to the original metres, and, though it would be folly to claim for his English odes all the high qualities of their originals—a claim which Mr. van Noppen would be the last to make—it is not too much to say that here too a difficult task has been performed with a good measure of success.

Throughout, the translator has treated his author with commendable reverence. He has done his best to stick to his text, often sacrificing smoothness rather than resort to paraphrase. The closeness and accuracy of his version are alike remarkable. Errors occur, but they are not numerous. The worst, perhaps, is the translation (p. 345) of "Zij weken geen gestarnte in eendracht noch in peis" by:

> "They would not, as now,
> Awake the stars from their harmonious peace."

The famous astronomical figure in the speech of the Chorus immediately preceding this passage is also misunderstood and erroneously rendered. Again, in the same act, the point of Belial's retort to the Chorus ("De vader leer' het kind hem volgen op zijn spoor") seems to be missed; at all events the rendering is vague and weak. But such slips are infrequent and do not impair the general excellence of Mr. van Noppen's work.

Besides the translation, the volume contains an introduction by Prof. W. H. Carpenter, a note on 'Vondel and his Lucifer,' by Prof. Kalff, the highest Dutch authority, and a Life of Vondel and a critique of the tragedy by Mr. van Noppen himself. A table of Mr. Edmundson's "parallels between Vondel and Milton" adds to the value of the work.

The book is illustrated by John Aarts, and is printed with unusual sumptuousness.

BENN'S PHILOSOPHY OF GREECE.

The Philosophy of Greece; Considered in Relation to the Character and History of its People. By Alfred William Benn. London: Grant Richards.

Mr. Alfred Benn is known to a small circle of appreciative readers as a frequent contributor to the *Academy*, and as the author of a suggestive and readable work on 'The Greek Philosophers' which has never received the recognition that it deserves. Mr. Benn's attitude is that of the scholarly and philosophic amateur. He can follow the latest researches of the Germans, and, if need be, control their use of the sources; he writes eloquently, and evidently from personal knowledge, of the great poets and philosophers of Greece; but he undertakes no minute erudite investigations. His aim is rather to portray brilliantly the larger movements of Greek life and thought, to generalize their tendencies, and to set them forth in relation to the thought of the modern world. His special distinction is that he unites to a very sufficient scholarship and a fluent style a genuine sympathy with physical science and the modern scientific point of view. Too often the student of Greek philosophy, in the selection of a guide, is compelled to choose between a belated Hegelian out of touch with modern thought and a rampant Baconian ignorant of Greek.

In his new work, 'The Philosophy of Greece,' Mr. Benn, while restating some of his earlier ideas, is chiefly occupied with the interpretation of the general movement of Greek philosophy regarded as an expression of the character and history of the Greek people. The suggestion of this method came to him from Prof. Knight of St. Andrews, who thought that the entire history of philosophy ought to be rewritten from this point of view as a "philosophy of the nations." But, as Mr. Benn would himself admit, the idea is in the air. The most popular teachers of philosophy in this country are inclined to treat the history of philosophy in this way. That is to say, they dissociate it from the direct study of ultimate psycho-

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logical and metaphysical questions, and make of it a sort of sublimated philosophy of history. They are never weary of repeating that there is nothing absolute in the philosophy of an individual or of a nation. It is in each case determined by character and circumstance. The picturesqueness of this method of treatment cannot be denied. Broad, ingenious generalizations relating the entire social, economic, and artistic life of a people to the abstract utterances of its metaphysical philosophers are interesting in themselves, and are eagerly welcomed by the student as a substitute for the toilsome determination of the precise meanings of difficult texts. But interest and picturesqueness of this kind may be purchased too dear. One may admit abstractly that all products of Greek civilization must be connected by fine-spun threads of relation with each other, with the qualities of the Greek genius and the conditions of Greek life—one may grant all this and yet distrust the ability of the modern student to unravel so tangled a web. 'God in History' proved to be "Bunsen in History," and similarly subtle laws of correlation between disparate phænomena may turn out, under the critical microscope, to be only accidental associations in the mind of the theorist, or at best ingenious fancies rendered plausible by the pseudo-inductive accumulation of citations wrested from their context, and unconsciously colored by the preconceptions of the generalizer.

So, while we have read Mr. Benn's book with great interest, our more specific criticism must take the form of dissent from propositions that seem to us either unverifiable or wholly fantastic. It may have been a special characteristic of the Greek mind to set up a sharp antithesis and then bridge it over by the insertion of transitional links—though we suspect that a clever writer would undertake to show us thesis, antithesis, and transitional mediation everywhere. But we can hardly take seriously the citation, as illustrations of this law of the fact, that "the 'Iliad' was built up by the insertion of transitional links between the opening and the conclusion"; that "*so also* the Olympian theology was organized on a mediatorial basis, Apollo, once an independent god, being regarded solely as the interpreter of Zeus"; that similarly the Greek mind developed geometry out of Egyptian mensuration by interpolating a series of steps between the subject of the conclusion and the predicate; and lastly that Aristophanes pitches on the clouds as the goddesses of physical inquiry because they are the mediators between earth and sky. "Know thyself" was undoubtedly a fundamental precept of Greek ethical reflection, but it is going very far afield to say that, even in the worst times, self-knowledge still asserted itself as an advantage in the struggle for existence, since Thucydides tells us that inferior wits came off best in the dissensions at Corcyra because, recognizing their own inferiority in intrigue, they struck at once. There is doubtless some connection between climate, social environment, politics, and philosophy; but Mr. Benn cannot really know that Heraclitus sprang from the union of the sombre enthusiasm fostered by the religion of Diana of the Ephesians with the luminous, orderly genius of Ionia; or that the home-staying Ionians took their speculative bias from meteorology and physiology because "they were occupied as such people are with the weather and the care of their health," whereas the Italiate Ionians, having travelled afar, generalized the idea of space. The pre-Socratic cosmologists were perhaps aristocrats, as Plato certainly was, but it is not a safe inference that "it was in consonance with aristocratic tradition that they disdained to explain their theories by argument," or that the negative result of the minor Socratic dialogues is due to Plato's desire to discredit induction, for which he had an aristocratic dislike. And it surely is overstepping both the evidence and the modesty of nature to denounce Empedocles as a "vegetarian terrorist," "a half-Semitized thaumaturgist reared on a reeking hotbed of salvationist superstition." These be hard words.

We may take more seriously Mr. Benn's interesting chapter on the opposition between the humanists and the naturalists among the Greek sophists, though here too we think that both he and Gomperz, whom in part he follows, strain the evidence. The antithesis between nature and law or convention held a large place in the thinking of the time. Democritus distinguishes the solid reality of the atoms from the conventional and relative reality of the secondary qualities of sense-perception. The conventional or natural origin of language was hotly debated. In ethics, too, nature was appealed to for more moral ends as author of the "higher law," and for antinomian or immoral purposes in protest against the artificiality of the moral conventions that seek to fetter the free play of human passion and appetite. But Mr. Benn goes further than this, and attempts to assign the thinkers of the time to two distinct schools, the humanists and the naturalists; and here we think he goes beyond the evidence. Hippias is not classified by the casual remark attributed to him in the 'Protagoras' that the distinguished company assembled at the house of Callias are friends by nature and not by the artificial conventions of society. And to say that this is a "pregnant principle" from which "the fateful triad liberty, equality, and fraternity was afterwards destined to be developed," is sheer buncombe. Hippias's self-sufficiency was a very different thing from that of the Cynics and Stoics. His was a vainglorious many-sidedness, theirs a philosophic limitation of desires. Prodicus taught natural philosophy—a genuine Sophist dabbled in everything; but his show course was the fifty-drachma lecture course on synonyms, which, by the way, Plato does not treat with bitter satire, but with playful persiflage. Both Prodicus and Hippias seem to have been luxurious and self-indulgent rather than stoical in their habits of life, and Aristophanes's gibes at the pale-faced starveling disciples of Socrates are singular evidence for the proposition that "plain living and high thinking" was the motto of the "physiocratic school."

The evidence for the classification of Protagoras and Gorgias as partisans of νόμος is equally defective. In the 'Theætetus,' Protagoras actually illustrates ethical culture by gardening—the Georgics of the mind, in Bacon's phrase. Gorgias's disciples in the 'Gorgias' appeal to nature. And Mr. Benn merely illustrates the danger of using Jowett without control when he quotes the remark of Agathon in the 'Symposium' that "where there is voluntary agreement, there, as the laws which are the lords of the city say, is justice." If he had looked at Shelley's version, not to speak of the original, he would have found the simple statement, quite innocent of general philosophical significance: "and that which every [any] one voluntarily concedes to another, the laws, which are the kings of the republic, decree that it is just for him to possess"—*i. e.*, our laws ratify voluntary agreements.

But it is impossible to pursue this theme further here. The attempt in this and similar cases to erect elaborate structures of hypothesis on an insufficient foundation of evidence, is a natural result of the professional preoccupation of thousands of acute minds with the classics. It may advance knowledge in the end; meanwhile, it distracts attention from the main object of classical studies — disinterested contemplation and enjoyment of the beautiful and the significant. *Qu'est-ce que cela prouve?* cannot be the watchword of the highest classical scholarship.

James Russell Lowell. By Edward Everett Hale, jr. ['The Beacon Biographies.] Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

This compact and well-printed little book has a double interest for the attentive reader, as being at once a bit of literary criticism and an example of literary heredity. It is not often that a father and son, bearing the same baptismal names, publish within six months two separate books on precisely the same subject. This being the fact, the first point of interest will naturally lie in seeing how far they duplicate each other. In this search, the reader will readily find some points of style in common—a certain agreeable and conversational, not to say chatty, air; a tolerable readiness in forming and expressing offhand opinions; a few familiar catchwords, such as "all the same" and "any way"; and an occasional slovenliness of sentences, showing either haste in writing or absence of revision. The chances are, for instance, that if one of the pupils of Mr. E. E. Hale, jr., at Union College had inserted in a thesis such a sentence as this—"He seemed to be as gifted as an occasional author as he was as a poet or essayist" (p. 105)—the reviewing officer might have pointed out that one small monosyllable was rather overworked in the passage. And, finally, another hereditary trait is seen in a habit of stepping aside for little collateral axioms, such as this (p. 110): "The great pleasures of the old are unselfish. When a man passes seventy, if not before, he is apt to take his greatest pleasure in the happiness of those about him." This is a view which, however agreeable, is not always confirmed, we fancy, by the old age of artists, authors, or politicians.

What is noticeable, however, beyond these evidences of heredity is a marked divergence from all inherited qualities in the substantial structure of the book, which is, as a whole, condensed instead of discursive, methodical and not scattering, analytic rather than gossipy. This is to be placed to the credit of the new generation. Something is also due to the evident plan of the new series of biographies, which seems to be more essentially historic than biographic. The subject of the book, very clearly, is Lowell the author and the public man, not Lowell as that rather complex human phenomenon which he actually was. In this last aspect there may perhaps be a little source of disappointment to the reader. Few works, taking Lowell as their subject, have added less to our knowledge of that curious and rather fasci-

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nating commingling of elements which showed itself in him, and which was indeed a life-long puzzle to himself. The value of the book is in its discussion of Lowell as a force in the literature and society which were taking form about him; and this value is quite disproportioned to the size of the book. It is really the first word on the subject from the next generation—the first answer to that "Appeal to an Impartial Posterity" which every author unconsciously makes, though only Madame Roland gave it that high-sounding title. Herein it fitly keeps the promise contained in the prospectus of this series, to deal with "those Americans whose personalities have impressed themselves most deeply on the character and history of their country"; and therefore deserves high praise.

Such praise does not imply, by any means, that we always agree with the author's assumptions or views, but only that we recognize them as frankly and clearly put. Here we see again the advantage that may be gained by a single step in the right direction. It detaches from all responsibility for the opinions of one's grandfather. With all the growing and generous interest of the Rev. Dr. Hale in the cause of freedom, he never could quite shake himself free from the shadow of the eminent editor, Nathan Hale, in his old-time contest with the new-born heresy, abolitionism. Taking one step more, Mr. E. E. Hale, jr., stands forth free from that hereditary shadow. True, we cannot always understand just what he means by some of his phrases, even on this point, as where he says that the reader can see what a claim the anti-slavery movement made on the poets of its time "by glancing at the earlier poems of Whittier and Holmes" (p. 21). We can recall no allusion to the subject in Holmes's early poems beyond a trivial squib, as where, in his account of the very hot day, he speaks of "the abolition men and maids" as tanned by it to the color of their friends; but if this seems to Mr. Hale a sufficient basis for his phrase, we have no objection to it. Nor can we quite comprehend the contrast here made between Lowell and Whittier when he says: "Whittier's poems have each some blow at slavery; Lowell thought rather of freedom." This seems to us an exaggerated distinction. At the Garrisonian or "disunion" conventions which Lowell habitually attended, the actual negro slave was much more in evidence than at the "political" anti-slavery meetings which Whittier frequented; and Lowell was really thrown more in contact with leading colored men, such as Douglass and Remond, than Whittier was. It did not take the Mexican war to make Lowell an abolitionist. Yet even here the point taken is a fair one, if a little overstrained, and perhaps really touches a difference in the training or temperament of the two men.

Here and there we find opinions from which we should dissent, in other directions. Mr. Hale says (p. 31) that Lowell "was not in those earlier years a very popular poet," whereas the phrase of Willis, "the best-launched poet of his time," seems more in accordance with the general testimony of contemporaries. No doubt magazines were few and prices low, but when Lowell had, within a year or two of the publication of his first volume, an offer from *Graham's Magazine* to print a poem every month at $120 a year, it meant a recognition such as few young poets win so easily. Again, when Mr. Hale says: "Lowell's scholarship was not the scholarship of to-day" (p. 41), he speaks what is a matter of course; yet it is also true that when Lowell's interleaved copy of Worcester's Dictionary came to light, through an auction store, and was bought by the Cambridge Public Library, its scantily filled pages won at once, as we happen to know, the most cordial appreciation of their quality from the most eminent English scholars among the Harvard professors. Again, we demur a little at the rather sweeping remark (p. 37) about "the scholarship of our own time, which is not only very unpoetic, but on the whole very much opposed to poetry"; and we doubt if the English examination papers at any of our leading universities would quite justify this imputation; at Mr. Hale's *alma mater* they certainly would not. Doubtless, tastes vary at different periods, and perhaps the standards which recognize the leadership of Kipling would seem to many less valid than those which recognized the leadership of Browning. This would at any rate be our own point of view, but we cannot agree with Mr. Hale's inferences from the fact—if, indeed, this be the kind of fact from which his inferences are drawn.

Least of all should we agree with one of his most important dicta, the announcement that the twenty-five essays in 'Among My Books' and 'My Study Windows' will "probably last longer than anything else of Lowell's" (p. 83). Even supposing, which is probable, that this assertion is meant to refer to prose alone, how could Mr. Hale have allowed himself seriously to add, "What he wrote subsequently has never had any such acceptance and never will be so widely known" (p. 83)? We should say, on the other hand, that the Address on Democracy had both won more "acceptance" and become more "widely known" than anything he had previously written; indeed, that it took its place as distinctly at the head of Lowell's prose work as did the "Commemoration Ode" at the head of his poetry. We cannot, therefore, concede to Mr. Hale the very greatest felicity in critical opinion, while admitting that some of the points he makes—as, that Lowell has now passed into the position of a classic rather than of an immediate propelling force (p. viii); that the period when he came forward was one in which literature held a greater relative prominence than now (p. 11); that he was, more than any other, "the representative American man of letters of his day" (p. 111)—seem to us to be exceedingly well put, and to furnish a good preparation for the next generation's study of Lowell.

European History. An Outline of its Development. By George Burton Adams. With maps and illustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

This book, which is designed for the use of higher schools and of colleges, possesses many excellent features and may be called without hesitation a success. Prof. Adams avoids most of the shortcomings which one expects to meet with in manuals (*e. g.*, dulness, distorted proportions, lack of suggestion), and has many merits of his own which we shall presently specify. Speaking at large, we must give the volume our hearty approval, and express the hope that it may be widely established as a text-book.

When one analyzes the contents, a considerable range of subject-matter is observable. Besides the text proper, there are bibliographical tables and particular bibliographical references to the various subjects considered, a paragraph of "topics" at the end of each chapter, presumably for questioning purposes; "topics for studies in review," placed at the end of each main period; and a table of important dates for review, sometimes given synoptically in parallel columns. In addition to these diversified attractions must be mentioned numerous illustrations and maps. Thus the author presents a great deal of apparatus outside his plain narrative, all of which, however, is intended to supplement, emphasize, or embellish the text itself. Here lurks the danger of providing too much machinery, which has, however, been escaped by a close regard to the correlation of parts. In spite of the various elements which it presents to the eye, the work cannot be accused of lacking unity.

We are unable to tell what degree of trust Prof. Adams places in the apparatus which we have just described. Personally, we think that most of it will prove useful; and the bibliographies are indispensable. But the chief virtue of the treatise does not consist therein. A large proportion of the persons who have written outlines or sketches of European history are merely compilers, and not in any fit sense of the term historians. By process of abridging they have won a certain "base authority from others' books," and have managed to fill up a fixed quota of pages. General history has, probably, suffered more from writers of this kind than limited periods and separate countries have done. On the other hand, Prof. Adams has studied systematically; he can, through a comparative knowledge, estimate the character of epochs and nations; and therefore he models a shapely, organic whole. He is a professional who knows where to go for the best information, and how to employ it when brought together.

Next after the writer's competence, we must rank in the list of strong points the remarkable pains which he has taken with his bibliographies. They are really admirable, and so conjoined with the text that the full measure of their value is secured. Following the table of contents is placed a page which contains the titles of such books in French, German, and English as the teacher will probably require for general reference, and special bibliographies stand at the head of every leading subdivision. These are all rendered the more practical by comprising the publisher's name and the cost price of the volume. Page by page, too, as the text proceeds, the student will find in the margin some standard authority for every leading topic which is taken up, and, whatever the book in question may be, precise passages from it are recommended—which is something quite different from a nebulous allusion to the whole work.

Our final impressions are so favorable that it may seem hardly worth while to qualify them by any touch of adverse criticism. Still, we should not be doing Prof. Adams the justice of a discriminating examination unless we found one or two points less good than the rest. Beside the accuracy of the narrative and the judicious choice of the illustrations, the execution of the maps suffers a little in comparison. They are well colored and moderately well printed, but the places are not always lo-

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cated with perfect accuracy, and numerous misprints occur; *e. g.*, Maestsicht for Maëstricht, Landshul for Landshut, Nerwinde for Neerwinden, Manheim for Mannheim, Legnago for Legnano, etc. Secondly, Prof. Adams's style, although clear and compact, does not reach quite the same level with his ideas and information. Finally, the love of generalization now and then carries him too far. For instance, on p. 168 this statement occurs: "The territories of Charlemagne were, by the year 800, practically those of the old Roman Empire in the West." But the Western Empire at the time of the final division between Arcadius and Honorius included the provinces of Africa, Spain, and Britain, besides Sardinia and what we may call by their later name the Two Sicilies, none of which (save the small strip of the Spanish March) Charlemagne controlled. Of course Prof. Adams knows the comparative extent of the two empires as well as possible, but here, and in several other cases, his fondness for symmetrical formulas carries him a little beyond the mark.

Our strictures, however, are quite insignificant when weighed with our commendation of this well-designed and carefully finished text-book.

The Genesis and Dissolution of the Faculty of Speech: A Clinical and Psychological Study of Aphasia. By Joseph Collins, M.D., etc. Macmillan Co. 1898. Pp. 426.

The study of the speech-faculty has long been a fascinating one, even for the layman, and this excellent and critical treatise, to which was awarded in 1897 the Alvarenza prize of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, deserves to be widely read. Every cultivated man knows something of the plan on which the brain is built; and the chance of extending that knowledge by gaining a closer sight of the inner working of the marvellous speech-function is one not to be neglected. The language-faculty seems, on the one hand, the antechamber to the mysterious temple of thought, while, on the other, the study of the mechanism on which it is based lets one see, with almost diagrammatic clearness, a portion of the scheme by which the brain seeks to gain its ends.

It is less than four decades since Broca published the remarkable observations that appeared at first to place the whole function of speech in a small portion of the frontal lobe, a little in advance of what is now known to be the primary centre for the movements of the organs of articulation. Nearly ten years later came the remarkable discoveries by Fritsch and Hitzig of Germany, and Ferrier of England, which opened the flood-gates of research with regard to cerebral localization in general; and soon afterwards Wernicke published his little pamphlet which made it clear that Broca's area was concerned only with speech in a narrower sense, and that the convolutions of the temporal lobe in which the higher functions of hearing were represented, were an equally important part of the "zone of language." With this admirable paper the foundations of the doctrines of speech and its disturbances were surely laid.

It is interesting to note that the tendency has shown itself, both in the study of the cerebral localization in general, and in that of the speech function in particular, to recognize more and more plainly the iron band that ties together different sorts of functions which seemed at first sight independent. The physiologist Goltz has been the strong and often much misappreciated advocate of this doctrine as regards the general functions of the brain, and Dr. Collins ranges himself squarely with those who adopt the same conception for the language-function. As in the child the growing power of utterance leans upon the ear and upon the "inner hearing," so even in the adult the areas corresponding to the organs of speech and organs of hearing remain so closely dependent one on the other that neither can be damaged without the activity of both being impaired. It was Wernicke's essay that first made clear the character of speech disturbance resulting from an injury of that part of the brain in which sounds are first interpreted as symbols of thought, showing that while the person with such an injury could still speak, his power of controlling his words was lacking. Dr. Collins aptly compares this condition to that of an engine running off by itself with the throttle-valve wide open. Speech may at first pour in an unregulated flood, but after a time even utterance will practically cease, as the engine stops when its fuel is exhausted. It must be observed that, in the modern conception of the conditions at stake, which is not likely to be materially changed, the centre concerned with the interpretation of sounds as words stands in much the same relation to the peripheral organs of hearing that Broca's convolution occupies for the organs of articulation, and the "angular gyrus," a portion of the brain situated near that part which is devoted to primary visual perceptions for the function of sight. An injury of these centres does not cause a person to become blind or deaf or paralyzed as to his organs of speech, and not until these centres or the tracts uniting them (together making up the "zone of language") are damaged is a person properly speaking aphasic. He may be unable to speak, but he still has the higher mental use of words. It is customary to say—and this is Collins's mode of expression—that these centres are "storehouses," as it were, for "memories" of the special sensations of motion, and sound, and sight necessary for the use and comprehension of speech. In other words, these sensations enter there into combinations which clothe them with new significance. The curve of the vibrations which are set up in these portions of the sounding-board of the brain is no longer a simple but a compound curve. From this point onward the processes which underlie words are no longer symbols of motion and sensation alone, but rather symbols of thought. The conception of the brain as "storing up" memories is, however, misleading. Each responsive thrill of the brain stands for itself alone, though it differs from each that preceded and from each that follows it. The memory of the past is reproduced only in so far as it forms an integral part and possession of the present.

It would, of course, be impossible to discuss here the many important questions examined in this book, such as those, for example, relating to the fascinating subject of disturbances of language-function correlated to visual impairments of different sorts. It may be mentioned in passing that the author is one of those who with good reason disbelieve in the existence of a specialized "writing-centre." On the other hand, he seems to sanction the psychological theories of Flechsig, though they have been in some respects pretty thoroughly discredited. Many points in the doctrine of aphasia are of course still obscure. Among them are those relating to the curious functional disorders of speech, as seen in fatigue and in migraine. The side on which the book is relatively lacking is the psychological side; had this been more fully developed, the keen suggestions of Hughlings Jackson, somewhat old though they now are, would have found a larger place. Still, every chapter is full of interesting matter and contains little to find fault with.

Dr. Collins's style is clear and good, except for a somewhat fanciful straining after unusual terms. They are indeed sometimes better than the old ones, but they distract the attention to a degree that their intrinsic merit does not always make up for.

Selections from the Manuscripts of Lady Louisa Stuart. Harper & Brothers. 1899.

Lady Louisa Stuart was the daughter of John, Earl of Bute, the prime minister and favorite of George III. Born in 1757, while George II. was still on the throne, her life of nearly a century extended to 1851, the year in which Napoleon III. overthrew the French Republic. With her natural gifts of observation and expression, and the advantages of high position and long life, she could have become one of the most delightful memoirists of her time had she so chosen; but she was shy of appearing in print, and these interesting papers were written only for a family circle.

Her account of John, Duke of Argyll, and of some of his family is very entertaining. All readers of Scott will remember the stately Duke who befriends Jeanie Deans, but Scott gives no glimpse of the peculiarities of his character. An eccentric streak (perhaps due to the "Tollemache blood") seems to have run through that branch of the Campbells. Few things are odder than his second marriage. This great and splendid nobleman, who might have aspired to a royal alliance, fell madly in love with a poor, homely, uneducated girl, with the manners of a dairymaid, who was not the least in love with him.

Jenny Warburton, daughter of a country Squire, was one of the maids of honor at the court of Queen Anne, where she was the laughing-stock of her companions for her blunt speech and constant blunders. When the great and admired Duke returned from the Continent, Jenny, like all the rest, thought him a very great man. So one day at dinner, when her companions called on each other for toasts, simple Jenny, instead of naming some bishop or octogenarian general, proposed the Duke of Argyll. Shrieks of laughter greeted this announcement; the Duke must at once be told of the conquest he had made—or no, such an honor would make him too proud—until poor Jenny left the table in tears. At a ball that evening the Duke of Shrewsbury told the joke to Argyll, who had been quite unaware of Jenny's existence, but now felt bound to show her some little attention by way of consolation. The result was a perfect infatuation on the part of the Duke, who soon came to look upon Jenny as the paragon of her sex, and, though he could not then offer her marriage (his separated wife being still alive), he spent a portion of every day in

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her company. When his Duchess died, everybody supposed that Argyll would drop Jenny and seek an exalted alliance; but no, he flew to his Jane, whom he considered not only the most virtuous, but the most beautiful, witty, and altogether fascinating of women. Nor did time nor matrimonial experience damp this ardor; he "remained throughout life a faithful, doating, adoring lover," while his Jane, who had no spark of romance in her cool and placid nature, loved him "as much as she had the faculty of loving anything."

But all the queerness of the Tollemache blood concentrated itself in his youngest daughter, Lady Mary, afterwards Lady Mary Coke, a kind of Ælia Lælia ("nec vir nec femina, nec virgo nec uxor") among women, whose extraordinary vagaries and experiences would make an admirable novel if we had a Thackeray to write it. Letters to and from Sir Walter Scott and others increase the interest of this appetizing book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Balfour, Henry. The Natural History of the Musical Bow. Primitive Types. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Campbell, W. T. Observational Geometry. Harpers.
Holt, Mina. The Satyr: A Novel. F. T. Neely.
Jenks, Edward. Modern Land Law. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Karageorgevitch, Prince Bojidar. Enchanted India. Harpers. $1.75.
Vance, Wilson. God's War. F. T. Neely.

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